

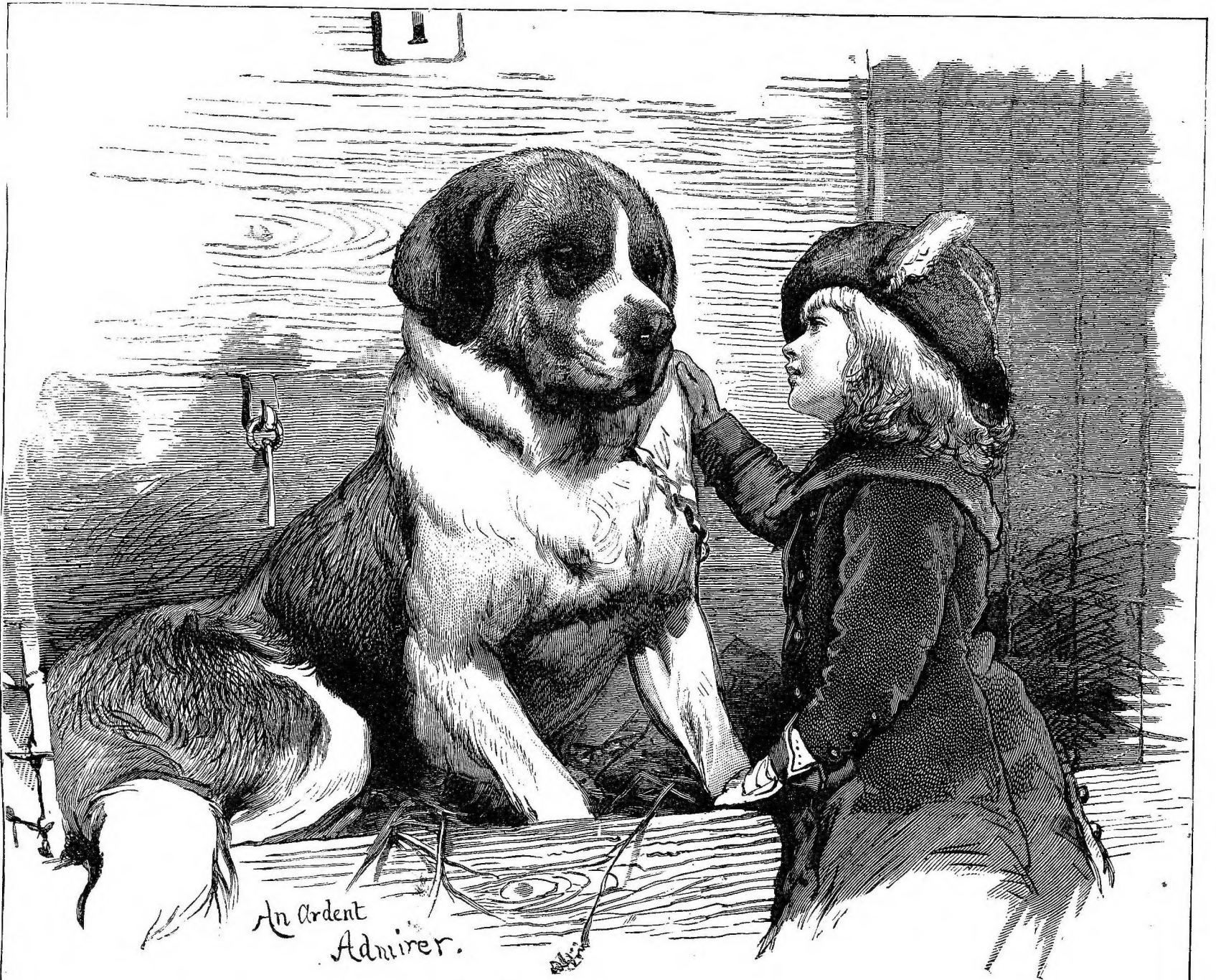
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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Topics of the Week

TERRORISM IN DUBLIN.—Never, perhaps, since the outbreak of 1798, if then, have the citizens of Dublin felt so insecure as they feel just now. The Phoenix Park butcheries were inflicted on officials, and every one is not an official; but when, within a few days, a Judge, a detective, and a jurymen were successively attacked, the alarm spread like wildfire. The murderous assault on Mr. Field caused the greatest uneasiness of all. Government officials and policemen may be viewed as classes apart, whose professions expose them to exceptional risks, but every citizen (all the more because he is loyal and peaceable) may be summoned on a jury, and may, therefore, incur the terrible penalty which was inflicted on Mr. Field. Loyal Dublin has, therefore, a right to demand an efficient remedy for this monstrous condition of affairs, which is assuredly traceable to the miserable weakness and vacillation of the Ministerial policy in Ireland. Mr. Gladstone can with a clear conscience order Egyptian fellahs to be shot down, but he is never without some tenderness for Irish treason. Conspirators who have justly been held in custody are set free without conditions, and show their gratitude to their turnkeys by making fire-brand speeches, which the fiercer and bolder listeners translate into dagger-thrusts and revolver-shots. With great difficulty, owing to the obstruction of Land League members of Parliament, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended in Ireland, at the request of Mr. Forster, the then Chief Secretary. Had the suspension continued in force the deadly affray in which Cox lost his life need never have occurred, because the police could beforehand have arrested this gang of desperadoes, but, as it had been suffered to lapse, they were powerless. It makes one's blood boil with indignation to think that the lives of brave true-hearted Irishmen should be sacrificed, and a whole city plunged into alarm, because the Ministers in Downing Street are afraid of losing popularity with the mob. Cavour is credited with the saying (surely not a very wise one) "Anybody can govern with a state of siege," and this dictum appears to have mightily impressed Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. But they should remember that circumstances may arise when the maxim should be reversed, and should read, "Nobody can govern except with a state of siege." No doubt this late sudden outburst of criminality will cause some measures of exceptional stringency to be taken. What Ireland needs, however, is not a transient paroxysm of severity, but—an unlikely boon to be granted by the present Government—a firm and unswerving administration of laws specially intended for a country where, unhappily, treason and murder have many sympathisers.

RESULTS OF THE AUTUMN SESSION.—On the whole, the exceptional labours of the House of Commons during the last few weeks have been accomplished more easily than might have been anticipated. The Opposition have wisely refrained from attacking the Government on the Egyptian Question, and Irishmen have not been able to make many opportunities for the display of their grievances. Even the Rules of Procedure have evoked very little more discussion than the importance of the subject demanded. Opinions differ widely, of course, as to the value of the work that has been done; but the general feeling of the country seems to be that the new Rules were necessary, and will produce an excellent effect. The result of the Cambridge election proves nothing against this view, since it is certain that, whatever questions might have happened to be in the foreground, this particular constituency would have returned a Conservative. Already people are beginning to smile at the dismal prophecies about the inevitable result of the Closure. Even Conservatives are hoping that, after all, we shall not be found to have taken the fatal step which leads to revolution. Englishmen are not in the habit of allowing themselves to be fettered in a slavish manner by their own decisions; and everybody knows that if the Closure really threatened to interfere unduly with free speech it would be quickly modified. As for the other Rules, they embody for the most part principles which are as acceptable to Conservatives as to Liberals; and there can be no doubt that their tendency will be to suppress bores and obstructives without discouraging serious politicians. It now remains to be seen what use will be made by the House of Commons of its recovered authority. Hitherto the present Parliament has laboured almost exclusively for Ireland; now the turn of England and Scotland has come—especially the turn of England, for Scotland has secured lately at least one measure of the first importance. We refer to the Act for the reorganisation of educational endowments with a view to the establishment of secondary schools. England has obtained no benefit of this kind for a long time, and we may be sure that she will express her dissatisfaction pretty decidedly if she continues to be put off with mere vague promises.

M. GAMBETTA'S SHOT.—We are all sorry for M. Gambetta, but *que diable allait il faire* with that revolver? M. Gambetta, we do sincerely trust, is not practising for another duel. His first affair, at forty paces on a misty

morning, excited the hilarity of the Old and New Worlds. Mark Twain indited an amusing account of the battle, with the famous question, "What does your side propose to shed?"—a reply to the remark of the other's second that a combat with battle-axes might end in the shedding of blood. No one can blame M. Gambetta for having missed his enemy at forty yards; but the most indulgent critic cannot praise him for having hit himself—no slender mark—"at one yard rise." M. Gambetta had been practising, like Armand Peltzer in the Brussels murder case, with a revolver. It must be presumed that M. Gambetta was only amusing himself, for duels are not fought with revolvers in civilised countries. The revolver, at best, is a heavy, clumsy weapon, only serviceable at close quarters. It usually throws high, and you cannot even calculate with certainty on its doing that. When he had done his practice M. Gambetta seized his piece by the muzzle. He had left one cartridge unfired, and that "went off," as ladies say, and caused a severe flesh wound. Statesmen should not meddle with warlike toys like revolvers, and M. Gambetta would get a hundred times more exercise out of Mr. Gladstone's safer weapon, the woodman's axe.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW LAW COURTS.—Compared with some Continental cities, sombre, smoky London is supposed to know little or nothing of pageants. Perhaps the steady-going old metropolis is changing its character, for it so happens that at the dulllest and dearest season of the year London has within a month managed to have three of these public "functions." The first was dedicated to Commerce, being no other than the time-honoured Lord Mayor's Show, and this year it aroused a certain pathetic interest, because, if Radical Reformers have their way, the old-fashioned Lord Mayor will ere long be transmogrified into quite a different creature. The second pageant celebrated the triumphs of War, and signalled our brilliant successes over the renowned warriors of that famous land of fighting men—Egypt. Arabi Pasha (metaphorically, of course) walked in chains behind the highly-varnished new Radical-Jingo chariot of the "Grand Old Man." The third pageant is intended to commemorate the Law. Monday next will be an epoch in legal annals. It will be hereafter remembered as the Hegira, or Flight of the Lawyers. Thousands of these sable-winged birds will come fluttering from Westminster, Lincoln's Inn, Guildhall, and all kinds of obscure roosting-places, and will perch and take possession of the new magnificent temple in St. Clement Danes. A temple, we may venture to observe, imposing without, but, if practical experience can be depended on, rather dark and inconvenient within. Nor is it at all certain that in such a big city as London the congestion of all legal business into a single area, already overcrowded, will be an advantage either to lawyers or clients. There is something rather satirical in the fact that the cost of the New "Palace of Justice" is defrayed neither out of the public pocket nor by private munificence. It is the result of the involuntary donations of generations of suitors. Poor suitors! Too often they only get the oyster-shells. Let us rejoice that a portion, at least, of the oyster has been rescued for the public benefit.

FRANCE AND MADAGASCAR.—The French have been in a very restless mood lately. They annexed Tunis; they seem inclined to make preparations for the annexation of Central Africa; there has been some talk of a possible war between France and China; and now there is this rather formidable difficulty about Madagascar. The explanation appears to be simple enough. France has not recovered from the shock of the war with Germany; but she has all her old hankering after "glory," and as "glory" is inaccessible in Europe, it is being sought after in what are supposed to be safer regions. Unfortunately the Power with which this new impulse brings her into contact most directly is England; and it will be very necessary for the British Government to watch her proceedings closely. All Englishmen wish their country to be on terms of friendship—even of intimate friendship—with France; but that does not mean that France is to be applauded for imposing her will in a high-handed manner on weaker nations and tribes, especially when the interests of these nations and tribes happen to be connected with our own. In regard to Madagascar the French have been manifesting almost incredible disregard of international law. According to Lord Granville, who ought to know, France has no real claim to a protectorate over any part of the island; yet because the Malagasy Ambassadors in Paris refused to acknowledge such a claim they were subjected to what they themselves conceive to be insult and injury. In replying to the deputation which waited upon him on Tuesday, Lord Granville very properly refrained from uttering a word that could wound French susceptibilities; and he will continue, no doubt, to act in the matter with his usual delicate tact. But there are many good reasons, both for our own sakes and for the sake of others, why the independence of Madagascar should be maintained; and Englishmen will be disappointed if the Government do not earnestly endeavour, without unnecessarily offending France, to dissuade her from advancing further in the direction in which she is at present moving. As Germany and America have considerable interests in Madagascar, we may hope that the efforts of England on behalf of the native population will receive very influential support.

THE BERNAYS MURDER.—If the theory of the prosecution in the Bernays murder case be correct, it justifies in an elegant way the ancient aphorism, *cherchez la femme*. As the story was told at first, a more motiveless murder—if murder there were—was never committed. M. Bernays, an Antwerp barrister, suddenly disappeared. He was sought in vain for weeks, till one "Henry Vaughan" wrote a letter in English informing the police that Bernays had accidentally shot himself in a room in Brussels. The recognition of "Vaughan's" writing as that of a fraudulent character named Leon Peltzer led suspicion to the Peltzers, and then it was remembered that one of the brothers, Armand, was on too friendly terms with Madame Bernays. Leon Peltzer's own account of himself is a perfect Odyssey of wanderings, bankruptcies, aliases, and disguises. He has failed at Antwerp, Manchester, Buenos Ayres; has falsified a cheque, and stolen a portmanteau. He has been Peltzer, "Fulton," "Prélat," and, "to oblige a lady," "Mario," "Vaughan," "Vibert" (when buying pistols), and no one knows how many other names he has tried. He has now as many disguises as M. Lecoq, or Piédouche in the French novels. In short, no theory of his whole behaviour seems more consistent than the hypothesis that (like little boys who imitate Jack Sheppard), he has lowered his moral tone by studying French romances of crime. His aliases and disguises, his armoury, his decoy-place in empty chambers, are all a rehearsal in real life of stories by Belot and Xavier de Montépin. The question of his actual guilt remains to be settled, but Leon Peltzer's habits were not those of guileless innocence.

INDIAN FAMINES AND INDIAN CANALS.—The very beneficence of our rule in India, which, if not the sole, is, at all events, the chief justification of our presence there, threatens, at no very distant date, to land us in serious difficulties. In the palmy days of Mogul ascendancy, frequent wars and famines kept the population from increasing very fast. We have put an end to internal war, and we even cope somewhat successfully with famines. The result is that the population is increasing at the rate of about two millions a year. How, in a country which is inhabited mainly by small struggling agriculturists, are these extra mouths to be fed? Mr. Caird has written an interesting letter on this subject. The additional supply of food can be obtained, he says, either by bringing fresh land into cultivation, or by increasing the product of that which is already cultivated. Capital is needed to achieve both these objects; the peasant-farmers have no capital, they are burdened by debts owing to the money-lender. Mr. Caird proposes, therefore, that the private money-lender, with his exorbitant demands for interest, should be replaced by loans direct from the Government to the cultivator. Without offering any opinion on this scheme, we may venture to suggest that in two other directions efforts might be made in India to lessen the pressure of population on subsistence. First, by the encouragement of manufactures. The Lancashire cotton-spinners may not relish the proposal, but we have before this pointed out that if India were as independent as an Australian colony she would very speedily clap such an import duty on grey shirtings as would encourage her people to do all their spinning and weaving at home. Secondly, if once the superstitious dread of the *Kala pani* (ocean) could be eradicated, there is no reason why a vast number of the Indian peasantry should not try and improve their fortunes in other lands. India is, as the Yankee said of Ireland, a first-class country to emigrate from. A man is sure of better wages almost anywhere else. Indian coolies are already appreciated at Mauritius and in the West Indies. Moreover, there is an immense region within a few days' steam of India awaiting tropical labour. Under a well-organised system of emigration (supposing that the peasants could be persuaded to go), millions of poor Hindoo and Mahomedan cultivators might find prosperous homes in Northern Queensland and in the Northern Territory of South Australia. But the enterprise will need careful supervision by Indian officials. We do not want to see natives of India shovelled on to the shores of Australia just for the sake of making white planters' fortunes.

LOCAL AND CENTRAL AUTHORITIES.—It is greatly to be regretted that Lord Salisbury does not speak more frequently in the tone which he adopted the other day on the occasion of his being presented with the freedom of the City of Edinburgh. A more admirable speech has not been delivered by a prominent statesman for many a day. Lord Salisbury's party speeches at Edinburgh were as vigorous as his party speeches usually are; but exhortations addressed by a political leader to his followers have very little effect on the country at large. In addressing the Town Council, Lord Salisbury rose above passing controversies, and showed how capable he is of detecting and defining some of the deepest tendencies of the age. He warned the country against the growing disposition of authorities in London to absorb functions which have been hitherto exercised by local bodies; and his account of one of the methods in which this is accomplished was evidently suggested by experience. A Minister wishes to mark his term of office by some beneficent measure; and he must, of course, rely for information chiefly on the permanent officials of his department. The permanent officials have a high opinion of their own importance, and arrange that in this, that, and t'other difficulty they shall have the right of uttering the last word. In particular cases the aggression on local independence may be slight;

but aggressions accumulate, and so at last it is found that an immense amount of work and responsibility has been transferred from country towns and districts to Whitehall. Everybody knows that the advantages secured by centralisation, such as they are, last only for a short time, and that by and by all kinds of local needs arise which cannot be adequately provided for by a rigid system controlled at a distance. Lord Salisbury did excellent service by calling attention to this danger; and men of all parties who appreciate sound opinions well expressed must hope that they will hear him again on the subject.

TRADES UNIONISTS IN PARIS.—What a barrier to intercourse is difference of language! Here is this deputation of Trades Unionists, representing directly, we are told, 90,000, and indirectly 400,000 Unionists; yet apparently totally dependent for their communication with their French friends on Mr. Adolphe Smith, who acted as interpreter, and who, we are glad to learn, "translated both the English and French speeches with admirable fluency and spirit." The deputation seems to have got into a rather queer political stratum in Paris. Anarchist or Communist appears the proper word for it. Even M. Gambetta, the flaming Revolutionist, the *fou furieux* of twelve or thirteen years ago, was too Conservative and Reactionary to be visited. It is interesting to know that, undeterred by the fears expressed by Lord Wolseley and others, the deputation are in favour of the Channel Tunnel, their only apprehension apparently being lest the workmen should be asphyxiated while making it; but we should like to be informed, on trustworthy authority, how far the 90,000 or the 400,000 stay-at-home Unionists in England sympathise with the political clique in Paris who appear to have "nobbled" the chosen vessels sent abroad as a deputation. Do they sympathise with the aims of such men as M. Félix Pyat, or are their minds at present a blank on such subjects? Because, whether we may like it or not, these men are the Parliament-makers of England.

LOSS AND GAIN IN EGYPT.—Mr. Gladstone had a very satisfactory statement to make on Tuesday about the cost of the war in Egypt. Down to the restoration of the Khédive's authority the amount expended was four millions and a half, including 1,140,000*l.* (instead of 1,880,000*l.*, as originally estimated) for the Indian Contingent. The most jealous critics of the Government could not pretend that these figures were excessive, and even rich John Bull is well pleased that he has not to pay too heavily for the luxury of military glory. The question now is whether England is likely to have an adequate return for the sacrifices she has made. It is still too early to speak dogmatically as to the ultimate settlement in Egypt, but there is no real reason to fear that, after having acted with so much promptitude and vigour, the English Government will content itself with a hastily patched-up arrangement. All the world would be astonished if England did not take advantage of her present position to prevent the possibility of a revival of recent troubles. It is still probable that the best way to accomplish this object is to make Egypt as nearly independent as she is capable of being. That the Egyptians wish to govern themselves they have shown clearly enough, and we have no right to assume that they are incapable of doing so until the experiment has been made under fair conditions. At the same time, it is becoming increasingly manifest that, whatever rights may be conferred on Egypt, she will henceforth be subject to an English protectorate. The name "protectorate" will not, of course, be used; but the name can be dispensed with as long as we possess the reality. England alone can guarantee order for the present, and when the time comes for the withdrawal of the occupying force the natives will have become so accustomed to British supremacy that we may hope they will not resent an indirect exercise of authority which is certain to be used for their benefit. It is not known exactly how the matter is regarded by the French Government, but fortunately the rest of the world is of opinion that the most satisfactory solution of the Egyptian difficulty is the one which commends itself to Englishmen, and which events appear to have rendered inevitable.

RAILWAY BRIDGES.—The accident at Bromley, so speedily followed by the more serious disaster in Aberdeenshire, will necessarily set the public speculating rather uneasily on the safety of these structures. In a thickly-peopled country like this, bridges either over or under railways are exceedingly numerous; and, in accordance with immutable laws, they are all (apart from the efforts of repairers) advancing more or less rapidly towards decay. A bridge is usually a long-lived structure; its age is often reckoned by centuries rather than by years; and, therefore, as railways are practically not fifty years old, our railway bridges ought to be in the first bloom of youth. But are they, and, if not, are they being sedulously renewed? We have been informed (and the information is satisfactory as far as it goes) that on one of our great railways, well known for the energy of its management, a number of bridges of the type of that which fell at Fyvie—namely, where the horizontal supports were of timber—have recently been refitted with iron girders. But iron slowly and surely rusts, and is also affected by great changes of temperature. Every year, therefore, as our girder-bridges grow older, they will need to be the more carefully examined and tested, or some day a combination of untoward conditions, severe frosts followed by

violent rains, and the passage of an unwontedly heavy train, may cause a direful catastrophe.

AN OX IN AN IRONMONGER'S.—The "pure flower of pure law" blossomed fragrantly in the Queen's Bench Division this week. It was a case of "intrusion by an animal," and not at all the sort of animal likely to observe, with Paul Pry, "I hope I don't intrude." The time for such remarks, when *bos locutus est*, is gone, and the ox, which walked into the ironmonger's shop, kept its thoughts to itself. In Stamford town this ox, leaving the street, marched majestically down the footpath. Bent, apparently, on shopping, the animal was considerate enough to avoid a china shop, and choose one where less fragile articles were sold. Instead of allowing the ox to look over the stock and go away quietly, people irritated the customer by hurrying it about. The ox, angered by this lack of common-sense, did some damage, and a question arose about paying the bill. Lord Coleridge justly observed that "it was natural for an ox to be on the highway when driven to market." But a footpath is not (is it?) a highway, certainly a shop is not a highway, any more than fleas are lobsters, a position disproved, with needless profanity, by Sir Joseph Banks. Finally, Lord Coleridge, taking the best possible view of the matter, determined that more than a guinea's worth of law had been secured by the litigants, and had judgment entered for the owner of the ox. In future then, ironmongers had better put notices in their windows, "No oxen need apply." The case is almost as interesting as that which turned on the question whether the owner of a homicidal bull said, on hearing of the animal's performances, "That's my old bull," in tones of approval, or "That's my d—d old bull again," in accents of regret.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued Two EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS, one containing an ILLUSTRATED ACCOUNT of the recent COLQUHOUN EXPEDITION, the other an ILLUSTRATION, with LETTERPRESS of the STRAND FRONT of the ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.—For binding, the pagination must be carefully followed.



LYCEUM.—"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—Every EVENING, at 7.45. Benedict, Mr. HENRY IRVING; Beatrice, Miss ELLEN TERRY. MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY (Saturday), and Saturdays, Dec. 9, Dec. 16, Dec. 23, and Dec. 30, at Two o'clock. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open to 5.

SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW OF CATTLE, IMPLEMENTS, ROOTS, &c., &c.

SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON. MONDAY, Dec. 4, at Two o'clock. Admission Five Shillings. TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, at 9 o'clock. Admission, One Shilling. S. SIDNEY, Secretary, Agricultural Hall Co., Limited.

AMSTERDAM INTERNATIONAL COLONIAL AND GENERAL EXHIBITION, 1883. All Applications from INTENDING EXHIBITORS in the UNITED KINGDOM must be sent in to the undersigned before the 15th of December. P. L. SIMMONDS, British Commissioner, 35, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. For further information, address to Caygill's Tourist Office, 37, Strand, London.

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THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS AND ETCHINGS IS NOW OPEN at the CITY OF LONDON FINE ART GALLERY, GLADWELL BROTHERS, 20 and 21, Gracechurch Street. Admission One Shilling.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools, is now OPEN at THOMAS MCLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including catalogue, 1*s.*

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POMONA. By J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.—This New Picture is now on view at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERY, No. 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre).

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READY DECEMBER 2ND

THE

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE GRAPHIC.

We imagine that even our greatest living Painter could scarcely have anticipated the pleasure he would give to millions, when he painted for our Christmas Number "CHERRY RIFE."

A Volume could be filled, showing the enthusiasm her appearance created. One amusing incident we must find space for here.

An admirer of the child's face, who had evidently been gazing at one of our Coloured Prints as figured at the Railway Stations, straightway telegraphed to the "GRAPHIC OFFICE" the following suggestive message:—

"Is the Mother of 'CHERRY RIFE' a widow? Reply paid."

Mr. MILLAIS has now Painted for us a younger Sister of "CHERRY RIFE." This Picture has been pronounced by many of his brother Artists to be one of his finest Works, and she will be introduced to the Public at Christmas by "THE GRAPHIC" as

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The following Artists have also Painted Pictures, which will be reproduced in Colours.

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HUNGRY BIRDS. By CARL BAUERLE.
NEW YEAR'S DAY IN OLD NEW YORK. By G. H. BOUTTON, A.R.A.
CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR: A SCENE AT THE EVELINA HOSPITAL. By C. J. STANLAND.
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AFTER THE BALL: COMPARING PROGRAMMES. By ARTHUR HOPKINS.
THE CHRISTMAS DINNER IN DANGER. By J. C. DOLLMAN.
MR. OAKBALL AT FLORENCE. FOUR PAGES OF WATER-COLOUR SKETCHES BY R. CALVERT.
CHRISTMAS MORNING AT MAMMA'S BEDROOM DOOR. By A. MARIE.
PREPARING FOR THE CHILDREN'S PARTY: "NOW THEN, ONE, TWO, AND THREE." By A. E. ESMIE.
CHRISTMAS MORNING: DECORATING THE SIGN BOARD. By YEEND KING.

LIST OF TALES:

DR. TODD'S CHRISTMAS BOX. By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE. Illustrated by W. R. PALSTON.
MILEY M' LACHIN'S BORROWED PLUMES. By C. J. HAMILTON.
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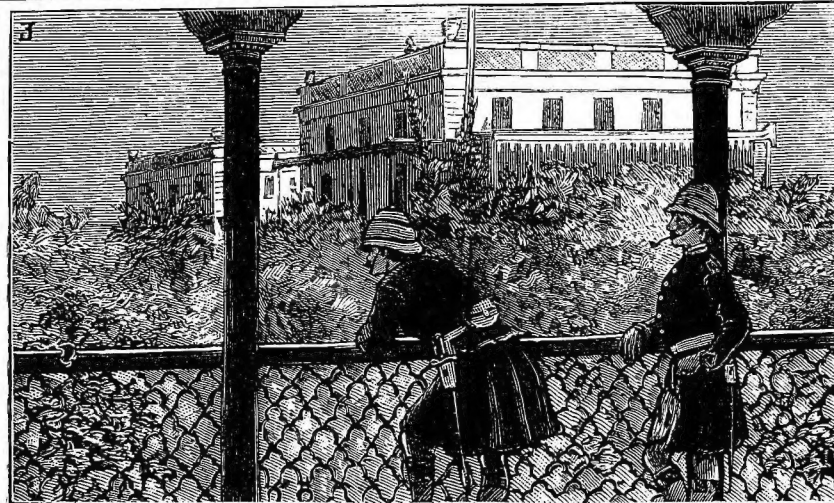
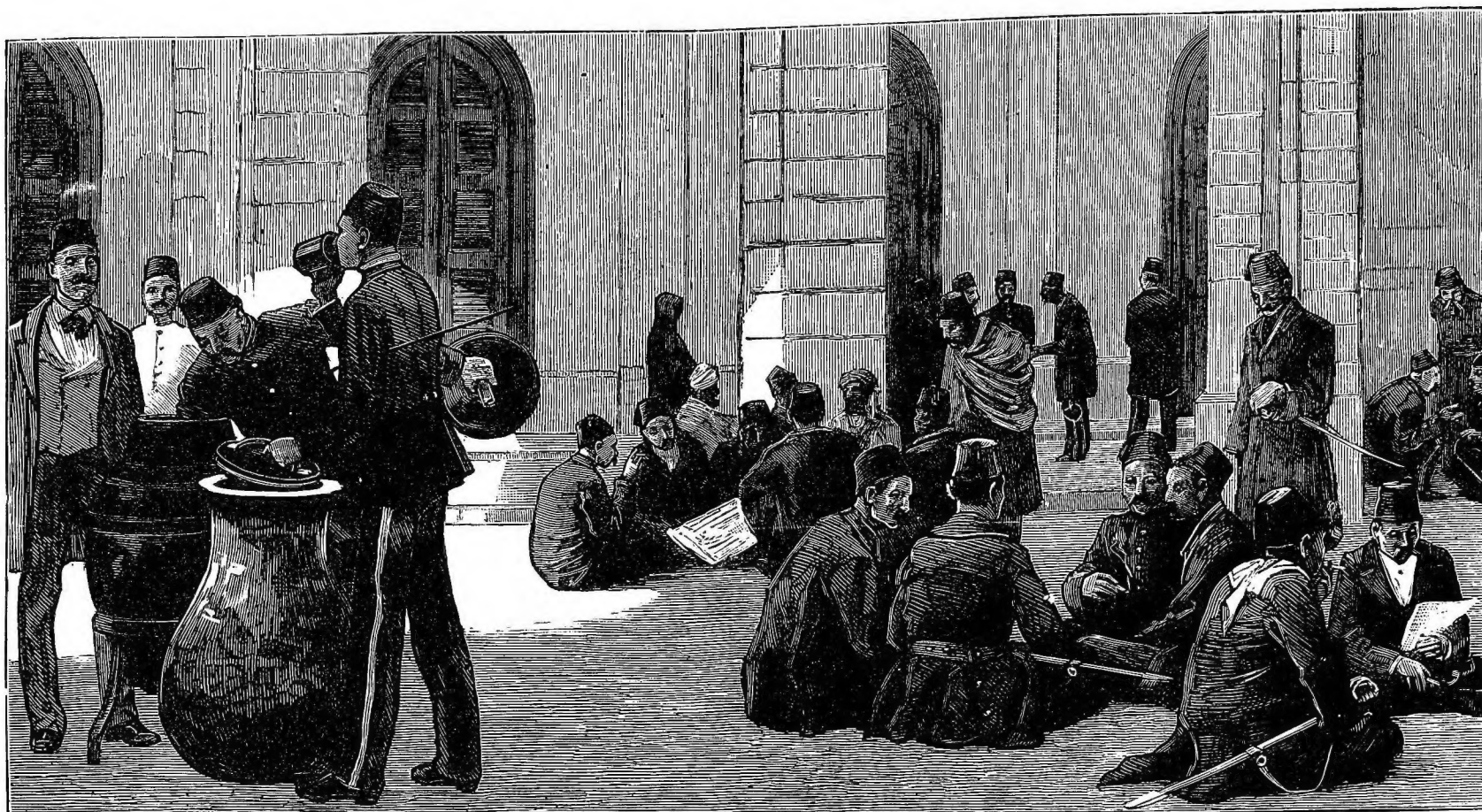
THERE has always been a halo of romance about the dog of the St. Bernard Hospice, and the numerous stories of his intelligence in finding out travellers who have been lost in the snow, and bringing the good monks to their aid, have caused him to be regarded as a very superior being indeed to the ordinary run of dogs. Until recent years, however, he was not kept in England as a pet, and his introduction into this country is mainly due to the late Mr. Albert Smith and the Rev. G. C. Macdona, and now he has become the most fashionable dog about town. This latter gentleman, together with other admirers of the breed, have founded the St. Bernard Club, under whose auspices the first show exclusively devoted to St. Bernards was held at the beginning of last month at the Riding School, Knightsbridge. Not that the dogs exhibited were the absolutely pure descendants of the old St. Bernard breed, for during one terrible winter all the females of the Hospice died, and the monks had to resort to a cross strain to keep up the race. Still, by carefully selecting the puppies which resembled the genuine strain, the monks soon secured a number of very fine animals, and certainly the St. Bernard as he is now, whether he be of the rough-coated or smooth-haired kind, is a most magnificent dog in appearance. He has an essentially gentlemanly and almost lordly air about him, and, in spite of his great bulk, he is as gentle and good-natured as he is dignified. In a room, he never intrudes his presence upon you, like so many of his smaller brethren, but reminds you now and then that he is not willing to be absolutely ignored by gently pressing your elbow with his huge head. In London, however, or, indeed, in any big city, he is somewhat of a white elephant to the ordinary household, owing to his large size and the difficulty of giving him sufficient exercise. To come to the Show, there were 250 entries, divided into twenty-two classes. The entries in the Champion Classes were especially good, Mr. J. Smith's Save taking the first prize for rough coats (every dog, like every man, has his price, and Save's is put down at 10,000*l.*), and Mr. Richard Thornton's Dunstan gaining the same honour for the smooth-coated breed. The prizes for dogs over 18 months were respectively carried off by Mr. R. Thornton's Leonard and Mr. G. P. Charles's Lady Norma. The classes for young dogs were well filled, while the litters of puppies excited considerable attention. The Rev. G. C. Macdona, as in duty bound, acted as judge.

LORD DUFFERIN AT CAIRO

OUR special artist sends some incidents connected with the sojourn at Cairo of Lord Dufferin, the British Ambassador to the Porte, who is working hard to effect a satisfactory solution of the Egyptian crisis. In one sketch we see a number of Egyptian officers, who like the rank and file lost their posts when the army was disbanded after the fall of Arabi, anxiously waiting to be recommissioned in the newly organised force of which Baker Pasha has been striving to form the nucleus. The advanced guard of the new army is to be sent to combat the Mahdi or False Prophet, who is leading a formidable rising in the Soudan, and who, notwithstanding repeated defeats, appears to be slowly making his way northwards. Next comes a quartet of the ever useful "cavasses" who form Lord Dufferin's escort, and who, despite their swagger and love of gold lace, are brave, trustworthy fellows. In No. 3 we have a peep at Lord Dufferin's residence in the Choubra Road; and in the last sketch is Lord Dufferin himself returning from his official visit to the Khedive on the occasion of the Mahomedan New Year's Day—the first day of the new Mahomedan century, 1,300—in the Christian calendar, November 12, 1882.

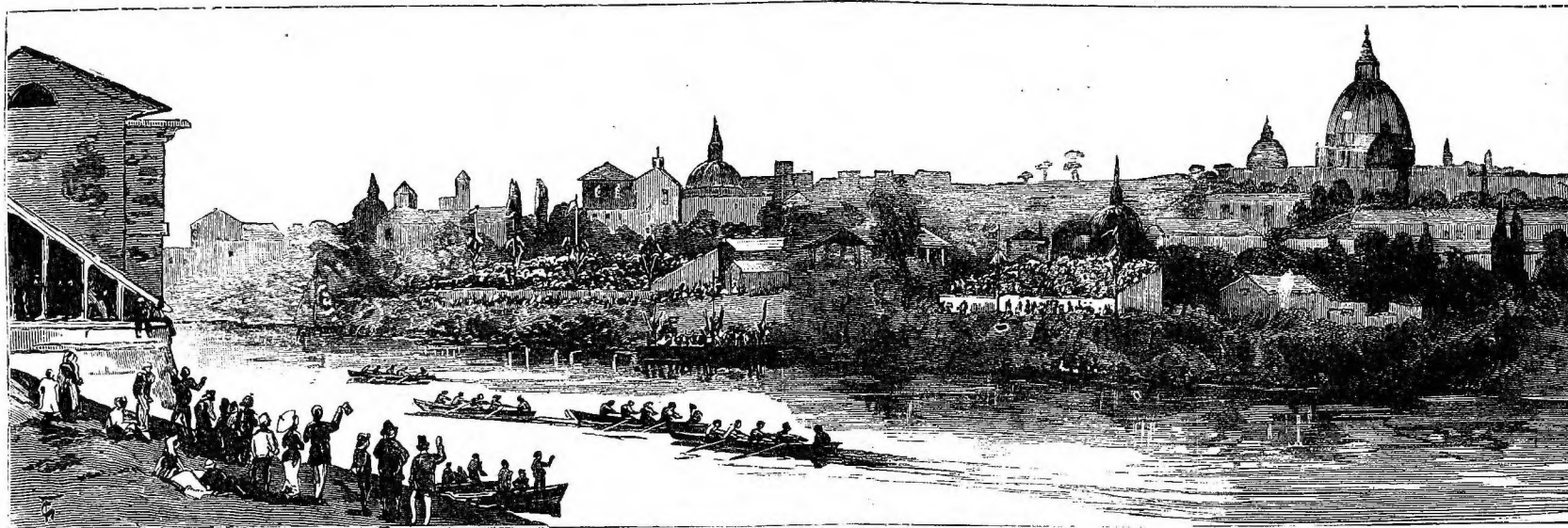
A REGATTA ON THE TIBER, ROME

THE novel sight of a regatta on the Tiber took place on Sunday, October 22, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. A number of rowing clubs have for some time existed in Rome, but no such competitive display of their skill has previously taken place. A large attendance was expected, from the fact that the proceeds were devoted to the relief fund for the sufferers by the terrible floods in Upper Italy. The arrangements were under the control of the municipal authorities, who, together with some of the Ministers of State, awarded prizes to the successful contestants. A series of six races were rowed. Great excitement prevailed among the populace, who noisily demonstrated their approval of the vigorous efforts of the rival crews to win the victory. Our illustration is taken from a point on the left bank of the Tiber outside the Porta del Popolo, and embraces a view of the opposite side, or the portion of the city popularly known as Trastevere, where St. Peter's is situated.

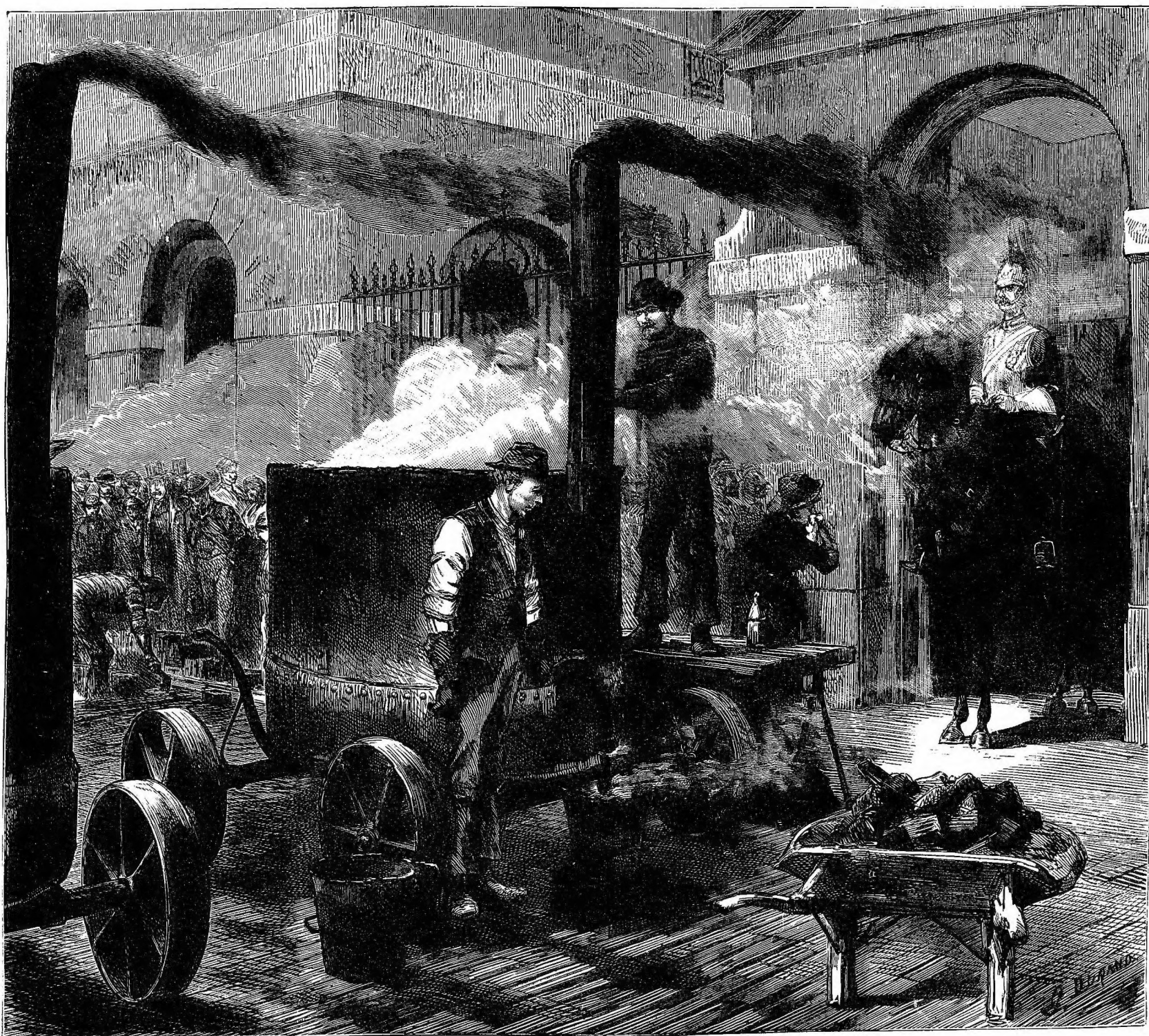


1. The Nucleus of Baker Pasha's Army: Arab Officers Waiting to be Recommissioned.—2. Lord Dufferin's Escort at Dinner.—3. The Residence in the Choubra Road.—4. Lord Dufferin Returning from a Visit to the Khédive on the First Day of the Mahomedan New Century.

EGYPT AFTER THE WAR—LORD DUFFERIN AT CAIRO



A REGATTA ON THE TIBER



HORSE GUARDS UNDER FIRE AGAIN
A SKETCH IN WHITEHALL DURING THE RE-PAVING OF THE ROAD

HORSE GUARDS UNDER FIRE

THIS incident, which actually occurred the other day, not unnaturally took the fancy of our artist, who saw in it a travesty of one of the scenes of the real war in which our troops have lately been engaged. Everybody knows that, when the asphalt surgeons are at work, repairing the wounds which time and traffic have made in the skin of their peculiar paving material, we might fancy ourselves hard by the gates of Tartarus, so dense and suffocating are the fumes which arise from the workmen's cauldrons. And to the assaults of this malodorous, albeit harmless, artillery, were our spick-and-span sentries, the idols of nursery-maids, subjected, without any opportunity of returning fire, or of extricating themselves from the uncomfortable position to which they were condemned.

HER MAJESTY DISTRIBUTING THE WAR MEDALS AT WINDSOR CASTLE

ON Tuesday, last week, Her Majesty distributed at Windsor Castle the decorations which had been awarded to some 370 officers and men representing the British Expeditionary Force which has served during the recent campaign in Egypt. The troops and the most distinguished guests were conveyed to Windsor by special trains, and the troops, who had been selected from all services of both the army and navy, were heartily cheered by an enthusiastic crowd which had assembled at Windsor to greet them on their arrival and on their passage to the Castle. The ceremony took place in the Quadrangle in the Upper Ward of the Castle, and here the troops assembled about noon. The Queen arrived at half-past twelve, being accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Duke of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Albany, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, while the numerous guests comprised Lord Northbrook, the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. Childers, and Admiral Sir Cooper Key. The troops were formed in close column of three lines facing Her Majesty, who looked extremely well, and wore over a black dress a long mantle trimmed with fur. As the Queen came forward the troops saluted, and the bands played "God Save the Queen," and then Her Majesty made the following address:—"I have summoned you here to-day to confer upon you the well-earned medal commemorative of the short and brilliant, though arduous, campaign, in which all have done their duty with courageous and unceasing devotion. Tell your comrades that I thank them heartily for the gallant services they have rendered to their Queen and country, and that I am proud of my soldiers and sailors, who have added fresh glories to the victories won by their predecessors." Then began the actual ceremony. Sir Garnet Wolseley was the first to be decorated, and the bands played "See the Conquering Hero Comes" as Her Majesty pinned the Egyptian war medal on his breast. The Commander-in-Chief was succeeded by officers and men of the Navy and Royal Marines, Admiral Sir Cooper Key announcing the services and names of each recipient, and Lord Northbrook, as First Lord of the Admiralty, handed the Queen the medals. Next came the Headquarters Staff, who were presented by Mr. Childers (as Minister of War) and Sir Garnet Wolseley; then came the general officers, and amongst them the Duke of Connaught who stepped up to the dais, and saluted Her Majesty. After pinning the medal on his breast, the Queen leant forward and affectionately kissed him. After the Generals came the turn of the officers and men of the Household Cavalry, the Cavalry of the Line, the Royal Artillery, the Guards, the regiments of Infantry, the Royal Malta Fencible Artillery, and finally the Indian Contingent, led by Colonel Pennington and Captain M'Bay, the Queen touching the hilt of each dusky warrior's sword before pinning the medal on his breast. The ceremony closed with the decoration of Baron von Hagenau, who accompanied the Expeditionary Force as Prussia Military Attaché. The officers were subsequently entertained at lunch in the Waterloo Chamber, with the exception of the Indians, who had a room to themselves, the troops being marched to the Riding School, where a dinner had been prepared for them, and where they were subsequently visited by the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales.

THE FIRST MAN IN TEL-EL-KEBIR,
THE BATTLE-FIELD OF TEL-EL-KEBIR,
COLONEL BALFOUR, THE EARL OF HARKOWBY,
AND
LIEUTENANT SOMERVELL

See page 604.

THE MAAMTRASNA MURDER TRIALS

THE story of this tragedy will be fresh in our readers' memory. It took place on the night of August 17th, and out of a family of six persons four were murdered outright, the fifth was so badly hurt that he died the next day, while the sixth, a little boy of nine, though battered about the head, and left for dead, ultimately recovered.

The trial took place, under the Commission Act, in the Court House, Green Street, Dublin, before Mr. Justice Barry. Intense interest was manifested, and the Court and its approaches were crowded. There were ten prisoners, but two of these afterwards became approvers. Two points in the trial deserve notice. First, that several of the witnesses could only speak Irish, so that the services of an interpreter were needed; and, secondly, that several of the prisoners and witnesses, as well as the murdered family, bore the name of Joyce, which is a tribal patronymic in that district.

In Ireland it is the custom for witnesses to give their evidence seated in a chair placed on a table, so that they may be as conspicuous as possible. One of the most touching incidents of the trial was the production of the child, who was the only survivor of the massacre, to be examined as a witness. His appearance, with his head bandaged up, his haggard little face, and his look of suffering, sent a thrill of sympathy through the Court. The poor little fellow would probably have given his evidence at least as truthfully as any one else in Court; but as he was unable to answer satisfactorily the usual questions about the obligations of an oath (any perjured scoundrel would have answered them glibly and triumphantly), his testimony was rejected.

Some of the prisoners were found guilty by the jury, others pleaded guilty. The convicts were sentenced to be hanged on the 15th inst.

Judge Barry, in charging the jury, said that the motive of this terrible massacre was obscure; but he hinted, citing as an argument the remarkable evidence of one of the approvers, that it was done at the bidding of some secret organisation, the origin of so many atrocities in Ireland. Indeed, according to the correspondent of *The Times*, there is little reason to doubt, although no legal evidence was offered to prove it, that the Joyces were slaughtered because they were suspected of giving information to the authorities concerning the murder of Lord Ardilaun's bailiffs, which murder occurred in the same district. This supposition is strengthened by the assassination of a detective and the attempted assassination of Judge Lawson and of a jurymen which have since taken place in Dublin.

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 609.

THE GENERAL STAFF OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN EGYPT

THIS engraving, which is from a photograph by M. P. Sébah, of Cairo, shows Lieutenant-General Sir John Acland, the chief of Sir Garnet Wolseley's Staff during the recent Egyptian campaign, and other members of the General Staff of the British Expeditionary Force. There is little need for comment, as all have read in Sir Garnet Wolseley's despatches and reports how well he was seconded and served by his brother officers, and in particular by the members of his own Staff. The photograph, representing the officers in their campaign uniforms fresh from the victorious battle-field of Tel-el-Kebir, and now peacefully installed in the stronghold of the rebellion, may be regarded almost as a historic picture.

THE COLQUHOUN EXPEDITION

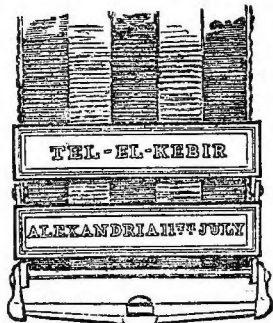
See pp. 617 et seq.

THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

See page 621.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR MEDAL

THIS decoration, which was presented to the troops at Windsor, bears on the obverse Her Majesty's profile in frosted silver, with the folds of a veil drooping from a diadem over the back of the head.



On the reverse of the medal is a Sphinx. It is suspended by a ribbon with vertical white and blue stripes. There are two clasps, one for the Bombardment and Occupation of Alexandria, and the second for the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir.—We are indebted to Mr. Emanuel, The Hard, Portsea, for the medal from which our engraving is taken.

THE ORDER OF BRITISH INDIA

AT the dawn of the present century "wars and rumours of war" were the normal condition of affairs in the British Possessions in the East—seldom, indeed, was the sword in the scabbard, at least for any lengthened period. True, the fabric of our Empire had been built up with consummate skill, and the illustrious and honoured names of Warren Hastings, Clive, Eyre Coote, Hector Monro, and a host of others who might be enumerated, stand forth in letters of gold on the pages of the most glorious chapter in the history of England's greatness; still much remained to be done—the spirit of rebellion—prostrate as it was—had to be utterly crushed and stamped out, the haughty brought low, and the intriguer put to silence, and even at this comparatively peaceful period of India's career many a blood-stained battle proclaimed at once the prowess of our troops and the stubborn obstinacy of the foe. At length, however, peace

and tranquillity began to dawn upon the land, and the lion and the lamb to lie down together. Then it was that the magnates in Leadenhall Street—those rulers who, despite all the aspersions of their opponents, were enabled, after a sway of more than two centuries, to hand over to their Sovereign a magnificent Empire of which England, with all her power, all her riches, all her possessions is, and it may be trusted ever will be, proud—began to bethink themselves how best to reward the Native Army in the East who had fought and bled in defence of the Lords Paramount of the land. Those were not days when "honours" were the fashion—the present generation accustomed to

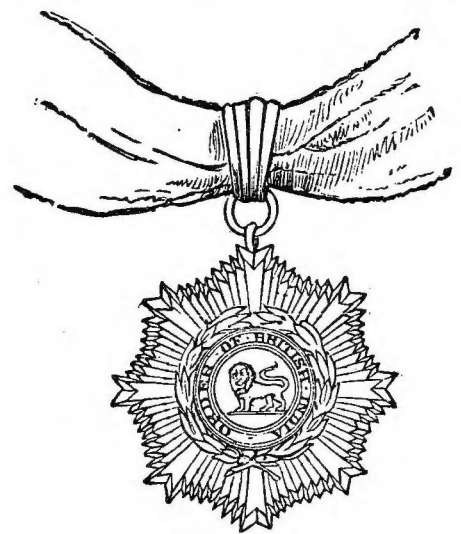


FIRST CLASS

read of whole strings of persons who have received tokens of Royal approbation can scarcely realise that for many weary decades the finest service in the world—the Indian Covenanted Civil Service and the Indian Army—teeming, as it did, with men of whom their country might be and was proud—never contained more than a handful of men bearing the proud distinction of knighthood. Such, however, was the case, though now "tout cela est changé."

After lengthened deliberation, the "Twenty-four Old Men in Chairs," so they used to call the Court of Directors of the East India Company—determined to institute an Order of Distinction for the reward of native officers of merit whom the Governor-General of India—it was previous to the days of the Viceroy—might deem worthy of consideration; and in 1834 Lord William Bentinck, the most peaceable amongst warlike rulers of the Empire, was empowered to establish the "Order of British India," consisting of two classes (each composed of eighty-eight members), the former of which con-

veys the coveted rank of "Sirdar Bahadur," a distinction which, amongst our swarthy brethren in the East, is much on a par with Knighthood in the West. The latter class privileges the recipient to add to his name the title of "Bahadur"—literally the "Bold."



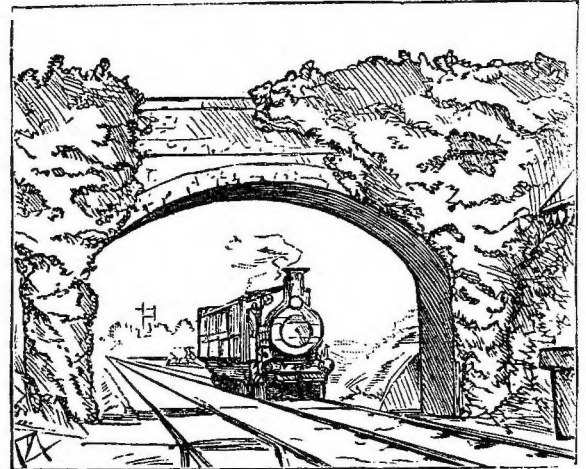
SECOND CLASS

—equivalent to a genuine "Esquire" in England. Added to the honorary reward which the new Order conferred was the more tangible advantage of a pecuniary allowance of no inconsiderable amount. The insignia of the Order consists of a star of dull gold, in the centre of which is a lion of gold set in a circle of pale blue enamel. Around this latter is a narrow rim of dark Horse Guards Blue enamel, with the motto, "The Order of British India." The whole is suspended by a red ribbon of ribbed silk, of a tint much akin to the familiar Order of the Bath. The Second Class only differs from that just described in that it is smaller, that it is not surmounted by the crown, while the star is of a slightly different pattern.

Such is the Order which the Queen-Empress of India bestowed on Friday week to the privileged amongst the Indian Contingent who had been considered worthy of the high and distinguished honour of receiving at the hands of their Sovereign this token of the Viceroy's approbation.—We are indebted to Messrs. Garrard and Co. for the drawings of the Order of British India.

THE FALL OF THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT BROMLEY

THE fall on Friday week of the "Old Ivy Bridge," which spanned the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway at Rochester Park, near Bromley, was unhappily attended with the loss of seven lives. The bridge, a three-arch structure of bricks, had exhibited symptoms of subsidence on Thursday, and shortly after the passage of the 8.30 P.M. mail for Calais it was found necessary to stop the traffic in both directions, and take immediate steps for its removal. By seven o'clock on Friday morning the central and the north arches which fell without any warning had been cleared away, and one of the lines



THE BRIDGE AT BROMLEY WHICH FELL ON THE 24TH ULT.

again set free for traffic. The men now suspended work for breakfast, and eight of them were imprudent enough to take their meal in an old thatched hut under the still-standing southern arch. The jar of a train from Bickley passing by caused, it is thought, the remaining brickwork, many tons in weight, to topple over, burying in its fall the eight men underneath. Their companions instantly hurried to their assistance, but though they worked with desperate energy one only (and he seriously injured) was got out alive. The other seven were killed on the spot, and their bodies shockingly mutilated.—Our engraving is from an instantaneous photograph, by C. V. Shadbolt, showing the L. C. and D. R. Continental Boat Express passing Bromley at a speed of over forty miles an hour.



WITH THE DISTRIBUTION OF KNIGHTLY ORDERS by the Queen's own hands at Windsor to the élite of the naval and military officers engaged in the Egyptian War the festive ceremonies in connection with the campaign may be said to have concluded. Altogether about sixty officers were present, of whom Sir John Acland was decorated with the Grand Cross of the Bath and Sir Herbert Macpherson with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Star of India. Two of the native officers now on a visit to this country received the Order of the Indian Empire, one the First Class and ten the Second Class of the Order of British India.

A NEWER PAGEANT, the formal opening of the High Courts of Justice, is now engrossing the attention of the myriad lovers of pomp and spectacles. Her Majesty, to the great satisfaction of the majority of her liege subjects, has decided to drive along Pall Mall, Duncannon Street, and the Strand, and will be received on her arrival by the Lord Chancellor and the Home Secretary, who will conduct her to her Chair of State on the dais at the north end of the Central Hall, where the judges will await her arrival. All these, twenty-eight in number, will be present, it is

noped, on the occasion, first breakfasting with the Lord Chancellor in the House of Peers, and then taking carriage at Westminster and proceeding to the New Courts by Parliament Street and the Strand. The Judges of both divisions of the High Court will wear (most of them for the first time), their State robes of red and ermine, and those of the Court of Appeal their robes of black and gold. The City will be represented by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, attended by the Sword and Mace Bearers and the City Marshal, the Sheriffs and Under Sheriffs, the Recorder, and other high officers of the Corporation.

SHARP HITTING of the kind which stings, but does not seriously injure, has been the feature of Lord Salisbury's speeches in Midlothian. At the great banquet in the Corn Exchange on Thursday, to which some 1,100 members of the Scotch Conservative Club sat down, his theme was Ministerial inconsistency. It was because they had squandered, he would not say our "prestige," but our "military credit" at Majuba Hill, that weak nations like Egypt came to think that we were a nation which would never use its strength. It was because they paraded in Ireland the doctrine that force was no remedy that agitation had burst all bounds. And now those who three years ago were denounced as Jingoists have Her Majesty's Government as converts. "We have," he declared, in conclusion, "no guide to interpret Ministerial promises. We only know that hitherto they have been restrained by no respect for ancient institutions, no reverence for private rights. Before them lies the expanse of Socialism, towards which they are drifting by an inexorable law." Next evening there was a more popular meeting of some 4,000 Conservatives in the same building, and another pungent speech on Mr. Gladstone's "transformations," and the danger (greater to the poor than the rich) of the Radical policy of exciting one class against another. On Saturday, at the presentation to Lady Dalkeith of a portrait of her husband, the Marquis again compared the Midlothian speeches of three years ago with the recent policy of the Premier; and on Monday was presented with the Freedom of the City, dwelling strongly in his acknowledgment of the honour on the duty of cities like Edinburgh to resist the tendency to over-centralisation. Loss of power to regulate their own local affairs meant also the loss of an important part of national education. A dinner given by the Conservative Peers in the Freemasons' Hall brought the five days' campaign to an agreeable close.—In declining for the present the request of a deputation from Manchester that he would stand for the city at the next election, Lord R. Churchill made another "fighting" speech quite in the spirit of his recent letter. The constitutional functions of an Opposition were to oppose, not to support the Government, and these functions for the last three Sessions had been systematically neglected. If this went on the time might come when the Tories in the country would think it not worth while to fight for Tories in Parliament who had laid themselves open to the suspicion that they did not possess the courage of their convictions.—By-elections, or preparations for them, have again this week been more than usually important. At Liverpool the Liberal Nine Hundred have at length found an apparently acceptable candidate to oppose Mr. Forwood in the person of Mr. Samuel Smith, a prominent cotton broker. At Wigan the claims of the Radical, Walter Wren, have been endorsed in a warm letter from Lord Dalhousie. At Cambridge University residents and non-residents have alike given the preference to Mr. Cecil Raikes, though the enormous majority by which the Conservative was returned—3,491 to 1,301—can only be ascribed to the dead weight of the non-resident country clergy.—Mr. Childers, like Sir Stafford Northcote, has temporarily broken down from over-work, and is now seeking repose in Devonshire.—A deputation from the Madagascar Committee was received on Tuesday by Lord Granville. While very careful not to say a word which could give umbrage to the French Government, or commit our own to any special course, his lordship, nevertheless, assured the deputation that he knew of no treaty giving the French the rights of protectorate over a large portion of the island, but, on the contrary, of distinct agreements between England and France, in 1853 and 1854, that neither country should take action in Madagascar without previous consultation with the other. Among the members of the deputation were the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., and Sir Drummond Wolff.—At the Plymouth Radical Association on Tuesday a letter was read from Mr. Bradlaugh, in which he says that the Government having refused to give him a day to be heard at the Bar of the House he has resolved at the request of his constituents to take his seat at all hazards, whatever the consequences may be, on the first day that Parliament meets in February.—Mr. Gladstone has now, we hear, arranged to meet his Midlothian constituents on the third week in January.

FEARFUL, it may be, of the effect upon the peasantry of the swift and heavy sentences passed on crime by the new Commission, the Secret Societies of Dublin seem to have grown desperate. The murder of Detective Cox—described elsewhere—had scarcely been consummated when an attempt (somewhat similar in general plan to the Phoenix Park assassination) was made upon the life of Mr. D. J. Field, a juror on the trial of Michael Walsh, the murderer of Constable Kavanagh. Mr. Field was attacked at the corner of Hardwicke Street, within a few doors of his own home, by two men, and stabbed repeatedly in the face and back. The victim in this case was not killed, though his life is now in extreme danger. The murderers, at the approach of two youths, leaped on a car they had in readiness; and, though pursued some little distance, were finally lost sight of. Mr. Field, who keeps a stationer's shop in Westmoreland Street, had refused to let his upper floor to the Ladies' Land League, and had let it instead to Mr. Norris Goddard. A carman on a stand in the neighbourhood was so violently assaulted just before by some unknown hand that he had to go to the hospital to have his wounds dressed. It is believed the object of the assault was to get him and his vehicle out of the way. A reward has been offered by the Government of 5,000*l.* for such information as will lead to the conviction of the offenders, if given within three months; and of 500*l.*, with a promise of the strictest secrecy, for such private information as may produce the same result. At a protracted meeting on Tuesday of the Privy Council, it was resolved to proclaim the city under the Curfew Section of the Crimes Prevention Act, a measure which will enable the police to arrest at once any person found abroad one hour after sunset or before sunrise.—In the municipal elections last week the Nationalist candidates were returned for all the five vacancies. At Navan Mr. Davitt has been delivering a calculated wild address on the distress in the West, calling on the 200,000 occupants of the poor coast lands to come down and occupy the fat grazing lands of the interior; and threatening, if Government do not help them, to organise a new Crusade, by which rents, instead of being paid to the landlords, shall be made over to support these wretched cottiers. The Home Rule League has now been definitely merged in the new National League, which has taken possession of its books and papers.—Westgate, the murderer, according to his own confession, of Lord F. Cavendish, is expected in England about the 13th of December. The officer in charge has recognised him, but professes no belief in his story.—Of the four men subsequently arrested for the outrage on Saturday, Ryan and Woodward have been discharged, and Devine and Poole committed for trial.

ACCIDENTS AND DISASTERS as well as outrages have been this week exceptionally numerous. Following closely on the calamity at Bromley, of which we give an illustration elsewhere, came the tidings from Scotland of terrible loss of life on the Macduff and Terriff branch of the Great North of Scotland line through the falling of a railway bridge—for some time, it is said, suspected of unsoundness—as a train was slowly passing. Three waggons, a van,

and two third-class carriages fell into the chasm, and the first-class carriage following behind was saved only by the fact that the vehicles in front had filled the gap. Five persons were killed, and eleven seriously injured, and the isolation of the spot and the darkness of the night, made all attempts at succour difficult until the assistance which was at once wired for arrived at Aberdeen. Had the engine also gone off the line the catastrophe might have been more dreadful still, for one of the waggons was loaded with tar, and the engine fires would have set all in a flame.

AT WOLVERTON, on Saturday a fire in the railway carriage works caused damage to the amount of 50,000*l.*—At Newcastle-on-Tyne a terrible explosion occurred on Sunday in the Tyne Vale Chemical Works, inflicting fearful wounds on the son of the proprietor, a lad of fourteen, and on the manager, Mr. Voults, hurling portions of the debris across the river into Gateshead, and more or less injuring many living in the neighbourhood; and on Monday was destroyed by fire the splendid Tudor manor-house of Clevedon Court, near Bristol, the seat of Sir Arthur Hallam Elton. The flames, which first broke out in a bedroom, soon reached the library beneath—one of the most valuable private collections in England; spreading so fast that only a small portion of the contents were saved. Lady Elton herself had a narrow escape, and a fireman from Bristol was severely injured.

OVER 1,300 GENTLEMEN have already applied to be elected members of the new Liberal Club, and the applications continue to pour in at the rate of from eighty to ninety daily.

THE elections for the London School Board were held on Friday, and resulted generally in the return of the Board candidates, with a certain additional infusion of men who can be trusted not to go too fast. The chief surprise of the elections was the defeat of Mr. Sydney Buxton and Mr. G. Potter for Westminster, and the return of the Secularist, Dr. Aveling. In the country the School Board elections have chiefly been conspicuous for the discomfiture of the supporters of Voluntary Schools.

THE obituary for the week includes the names of Sir W. Hutt, Vice-President of the Board of Trade from 1860 to 1865; of Lady Stratford De Redcliffe, widow of the late Viscount, to whom she was married in 1825, when he was plain Sir Stratford Canning, the young British Ambassador at Constantinople; and Mr. T. Longridge Gooch, an eminent engineer, once on a time apprentice and assistant to the elder Stephenson, when he made the Manchester and Liverpool and the London and Birmingham Railways.



THE rush of new plays last week has been succeeded by a comparative lull in the theatrical atmosphere, the production of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera of *Iolanthe* at the SAVOY, which will be found noticed under the head of "Music," being the only theatrical event of importance during the past few days. Novelties, however, are preparing, and it is evident that between this and Christmas the dramatic reviewers will not lack employment. The ST. JAMES'S Theatre, which has remained absolutely closed for some months, while Mr. Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and their company having been moving in a provincial orbit, embracing all the chief towns of the United Kingdom, reopens on Saturday next with a new play by Mr. C. H. Stephenson, which, after the laconic fashion introduced by the late Mr. Robertson, bears the title of *Impulse*. The new piece, which is in five acts, will, we are assured on good authority, be of the class which, for want of a better name, is known as "comedy-drama," and will set forth a story of modern manners.

THE programme of the representation of *The Rivals* to be given at the VAUDEVILLE this afternoon, indicates more care than it is customary to bestow upon one or two matinée performances; and it may therefore be assumed that this comedy will shortly take the leading place in the evening bill. Mr. Thorne's Bob Acres, and Mr. Henry Neville's Captain Absolute will be first appearances in those characters. The cast is altogether an exceptionally strong one, Mr. W. Farren playing Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr. Frank Archer Falkland, Mr. John Maclean Sir Lucius, Mr. Crawford Fag, Mr. A. Wood David, Miss Winifred Emery Lydia Languish, Miss Alma Murray Julia, Miss Kate Phillips Lucy, and Mrs. Stirling Mrs. Malaprop.

THE management of DRURY LANE Theatre announce that in order to make preparations for the Christmas pantomime, the new drama entitled *Pluck* must be withdrawn after this evening in the "very height of its success." Cynics will perhaps say that if managerial statements can be trusted, it is only in the "very height of success" that plays ever are withdrawn; but if *Pluck* has proved a shade less attractive than some of its predecessors, there is no doubt that Mr. Harris has made romantic drama far more prosperous at Drury Lane than any other manager in recent times has been able to do.

THE time at which we go to press unfortunately prevents us doing more than record the fact that Mr. Arthur Mathison's diverting satire upon suburban melodrama, which he calls *More Than Ever*, and describes as "a concentrated tragedy in one horror," was produced by way of after-piece at the Court Theatre on Thursday evening. The cast is entirely new, and is generally much more efficient than that of the one or two trial performances recently given at Wednesday matinées at the GAIETY. The principal parts are sustained by Mr. John Clayton, Mr. Anson, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. D. G. Boucicault, and Miss Marion Terry.

MR. Dutton Cook is about to republish, under the title of "Nights at the Play," theatrical criticisms contributed by him to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *World*, and other journals during the last fifteen years. The sound judgment, unrivalled knowledge of the stage, both of past and present times, and the highly-finished style which distinguish these essays, furnish excellent reasons why they should be rescued from the oblivion of newspaper files. As a contribution to any future history of the English stage they will be invaluable.

THE French performances at the GAIETY Theatre next summer are to include the reappearance of Madame Bernhardt-Damala, followed by the appearance of Madame Judic and the company of the Variétés in *Lili*.

MR. Irving is so far from adopting the common slander that English folk delight only in grumbling, that he has appended a note to the LYCEUM playbill requesting that visitors "having any cause of complaint or of especial satisfaction" will refer at once to the acting manager.

LITTLE Robin Hood, much enlarged and furnished with new songs and dances, is to be transferred on Monday next from the Gaiety to the Princess's Theatre, Manchester, which, as our readers are aware, is also under Mr. Hollingshead's direction. On the same evening Mr. Edward Terry will make his first appearance this season at the Gaiety in *Little Fra Diavolo*, together probably with *The Critic*.

ON Wednesday afternoon there was a special matinée at the GAIETY, when Miss Harriett Jay resumed the part of Lady Jane Grey in Mr. Robert Buchanan's romantic drama, *A Nine Days' Queen*, Mr. A. Beaumont playing Northumberland, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree Hertford. On Friday, in a matinée at the VAUDEVILLE, Miss Wallis was to sustain the title rôle in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*.



THE WESTMINSTER PLAY this year is Terence's *Phormio*. It will be performed on December 14th, 18th, and 20th.

THE QUEEN has conferred on the Members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours the distinction of a diploma signed by Her Majesty.

A JUVENILE "PATIENCE" COMPANY is starring in the United States, formed on the plan of the juvenile *Pinafore* troupe, which appeared in London some years since.

A COLLECTION OF OLD BOOTS is shortly to be shown at the Paris Musée de Cluny, where next January a fresh room is to be added to one of the most interesting archaeological museums in Europe. These ancient shoes will form a complete illustrative history of bootmaking.

FURTHER OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE DESPATCH OF FOREIGN LETTERS are now afforded to Londoners. Since last Sunday letters for the Continent can be posted in a special late letter-box attached to the foreign night mail from Cannon Street for Dover up to the departure of the train, and also in a box attached on week days to the foreign day mail up to 7.45 A.M. The extra prepaid fee is 6d. in both cases, and no extra European letters are permitted.

MINUETS AND GAVOTTES ARE TO BE ADOPTED this winter in Paris instead of the usual hackneyed waltzes and quadrilles, and fashionable Parisiennes are inviting their friends to meet and practice the old dances. The ladies intend to adopt suitable antique costumes, and even the invitations are got up to match, the dainty pink or green vellum cards representing an old spectacled musician playing the violin, while a powdered courtier and Marquise of the Louis XV. period tread a stately measure to his music.

THE PRODUCTION OF THE "PASSION PLAY" IN NEW YORK has not yet been given up by its promoters, notwithstanding the recent display of feeling against the project. Accordingly it is proposed to bring out the play in Christmas week, and to evade criticism the drama will not be played in a theatre, but in the Armoury Buildings. The actors will be non-professionals, and their names will not be known, while further the play will be considerably curtailed, beginning with the presentation in the Temple, and ending with the condemnation, not the Crucifixion.

A SUITABLE NATIONAL MONUMENT to the late Victor Emmanuel seems rather to pose Italian artists. None of the designs in the late competition were thought worth execution, and a fresh International competition opens this week. Designs are to be presented within a year, and must represent the King on horseback, while the monument will be eighty-five feet high, at a cost of 360,000*l.* The statue is to be erected on the Capitol, so as to dominate the whole Corso, which will be prolonged to the base of the Capitoline Hill, the Hill being reached by a grand staircase.

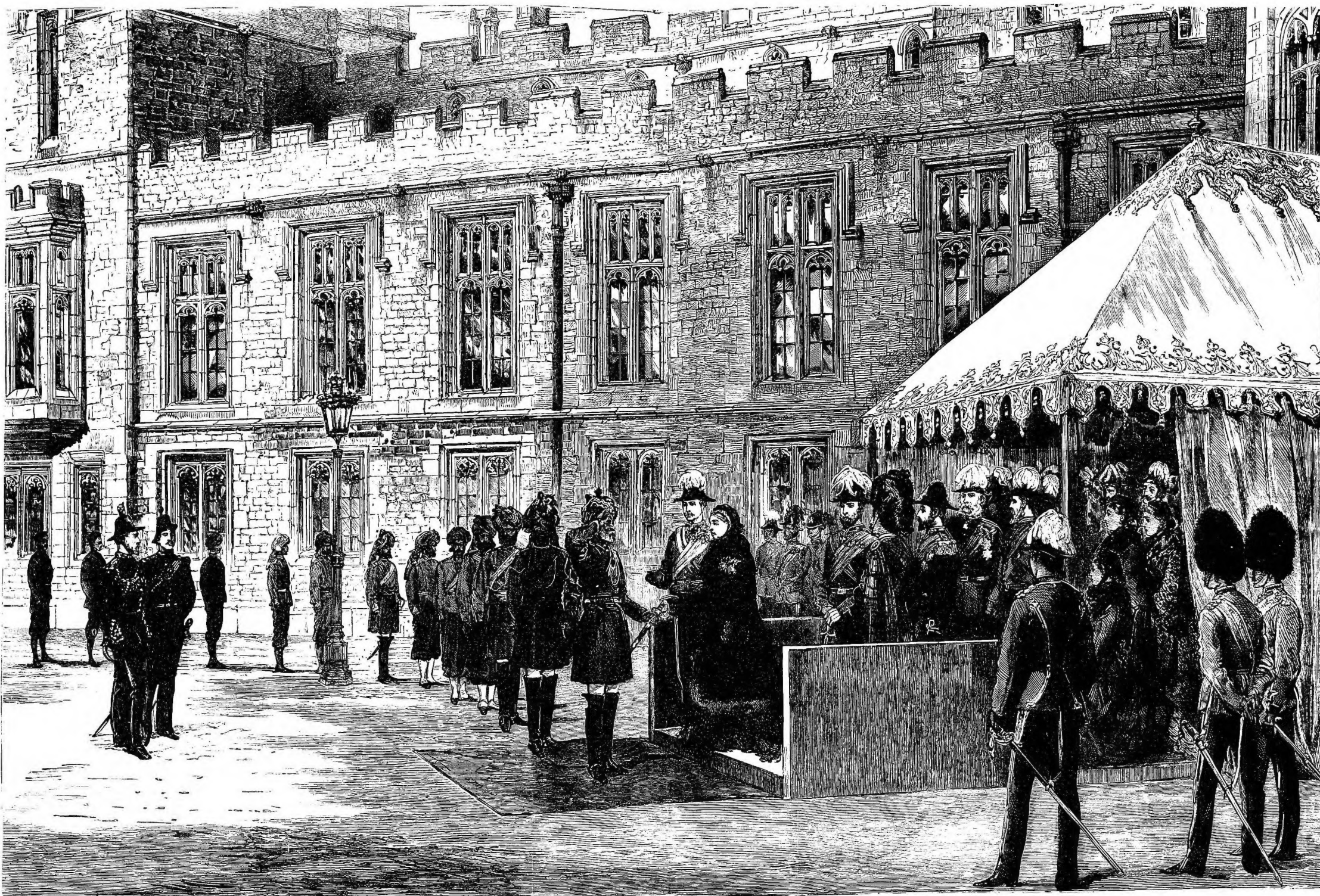
A SUNDAY ART EXHIBITION was held last week in the Large Hall, Skinner Street, Bishopsgate, of the prize drawings executed by students of the City School of Art, and which will be opened again to-morrow (Sunday) from 2.30 to 6 P.M. Not only does the South Kensington Art Department—though unable to open the Museum that day—countenance Sunday exhibitions by lending various Art designs, but opponents to the Sunday recreation movement may further note that this particular exhibition is specially promoted by the clergy. Apart from this view of the subject, the display is very good under its new management, for the School has now been incorporated with the City Guilds of London Institute, owing to the change of circumstances and the aspect of trade since its foundation forty years ago.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S DIARY must certainly be one of the greatest historical treasures of the age. For nearly fifty years Emperor William has carefully noted down with his own hand the chief events of each day, such as interviews, conversations, decisions, political intelligence, and domestic occurrences. Every morning a fresh sheet of folio size is laid upon the Emperor's desk, headed with the date and a sacred text, and the diary already forms several volumes, which are to pass into the Crown Prince's hands. The diary is illustrated by loose sheets bearing water-colour pictures of the chief occurrences of the Emperor's life. Executed by renowned German artists, these sketches are drawn from rough outlines furnished from memory by the Emperor, who also corrects the artists' drawings previous to their completion.

THE ORDNANCE SURVEY IN SCOTLAND is nearly finished, after having been in hand for thirty-seven years. These maps are drawn with elaborate attention to detail, and will not only be of the greatest value in agricultural matters, but are adopted as standard authorities by the Scottish Courts of Law. Most of the maps are on a 25 in. scale, the remainder on the 6 in. scale, including Midlothian and the uncultivated districts of the Highlands and the islands, and this latter measurement gives room for the contouring of the hills and the insertion of their height above the sea level. Moreover, the position and character of all antiquarian remains are carefully marked, their age and nationality being shown by the difference of lettering. The towns are mapped on a scale of 5 ft. to 10 ft. per mile, and not only are all lanes and gardens marked out, but even the position of the various lamp-posts.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,681 deaths were registered, against 1,571, a rise of 110, being 51 below the average, and at the rate of 22½ per 1,000. There were 2 deaths from small-pox (a fall of 2), 64 from measles (a fall of 14), 59 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 9), 16 from diphtheria (a decrease of 5), 21 from whooping-cough (a rise of 1), 2 from typhus fever, 29 from enteric fever (a decline of 1), 1 from simple continued fever, 17 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 2), and 2 from simple cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 411, an increase of 66, but 69 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 63 deaths; 57 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 20 from fractures, 10 from burns, 3 from burning, 15 infants under one year dying from suffocation. Four cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,709 births registered, against 2,503 during the previous seven days, exceeding the average by 111. The mean temperature of the air was 44.7 deg., and 3.6 deg. above the average.

MESSRS. DE LA RUE AND CO. send us some beautiful Christmas cards. Among them are several delicately printed on satin, with fringe of floss-silk. These should be very popular this season. We notice also that some of these pictures on satin are adapted for book-markers. The cards of this firm are in every respect worthy of very high commendation.—Messrs. G. Sparagnapane and Co. have issued some "Tel-el-Kebir" and "Egyptian luggage" *cosques* which children will eagerly welcome at parties this season.—Messrs. Tom Smith and Co. also send us some novel designs for Christmas crackers. These include the "North Pole," "Nursery Tales," "Scientific," "Toy," and "Masks and Faces" crackers. All these are done up in pretty boxes, and they show an originality which will be readily appreciated by the youngsters.—The most refreshing novelties in the way of Christmas trifles are the steel-plate cards of Messrs. John A. Lowell and Co., of Boston, U.S. Many of these productions skillfully contrive to combine the functions of Christmas cards and valentines. In all the designs are very fresh and dainty. Messrs. Lawrence Brothers, of Farringdon Street, are the sole London agents for these cards.



HER MAJESTY DISTRIBUTING THE EGYPTIAN WAR MEDALS TO OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
WINDSOR CASTLE, NOV. 21, 1882



THE trial of Arabi Pasha is finally announced to begin on the 7th inst., when Mahmoud Sami, Toulba, Mahmoud Fehmi, Omar Rahmi, and Suleiman Sami will be arraigned. Of these Arabi, Mahmoud Sami, Toulba (who, by the way, is seriously ill with a pulmonary complaint), and Mahmoud Fehmi will be defended by Messrs. Broadley and Napier, who have asked the Commission of Inquiry to postpone the trial of Suleiman; for, as he is one of the chief witnesses against Arabi, they would be unable to submit him to the test of a cross-examination. They have also protested to the Commission against the hearing of further witnesses for the prosecution as tantamount to an abrogation of the rules of procedure agreed upon between the prosecution and the defence, an allegation which Ismail Pasha Eyoub, the President of the Court, denies. He declares in a letter that the Cairo Prosecution Committee is the sole judge of what it can and may do, and that Messrs. Broadley and Napier are mistaken concerning their rights. Moreover, only two of the accused have been examined, Suleiman Daoud Sami and Hassan Moussa el Akad, the former charged with having fired Alexandria, and the other with having originated the massacre. Nevertheless, the British counsel ask the Commission to consider as void all the evidence taken since November 7, as contrary to the arrangements already mentioned. Meanwhile Lord Dufferin, on the report of Sir Charles Wilson, has determined to recommend the Egyptian Government not to proceed with the charges against Arabi of complicity in the massacre in Alexandria on June 11 and the firing of the city on July 13. Of course there are numerous other rumours, more or less well founded, respecting the trial, and it appears likely that, as the Khédive and Dervish Pasha are confidently asserted to have sanctioned the declaration of war, the main charge against Arabi will be that of continuing the campaign when ordered to desist by his Sovereign.

Arabi's trial apart, there is little actual news from Egypt. The health of the British troops is far from satisfactory, the number of patients in the military hospitals being more than 9 per cent. There are grave stories also of the way in which our men give way to drink, and a few days since a number of them set upon an unfortunate watchman, and beat him to death with their belts. Baker Pasha seems to be proceeding rapidly with the organisation of the gendarmérie force, and already 1,700 men have been drilled and equipped. The report that his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian army is disapproved of by the British Government is contradicted by the *United Service Gazette*, which states that the appointment has been confirmed by the Sultan, and will not be cancelled by the British authorities "owing to the splendid services rendered to the Sultan by Colonel Baker since the time he was gazetted out of the British Army." The revolt in the Soudan does not appear to be prospering so well. The Mahdi suffered severe defeats in his attacks on El Obeid on the 8th, 11th, and 14th Sept., and on the last day is said to have left 10,000 of his followers dead on the field of battle. Abd-el-Kader also announces another defeat of the rebels with great loss at Derwees.

The British action in Egypt is still being watched with great jealousy on the part of FRANCE, where the propositions of the British Cabinet are being discussed by the French Ministry, which by various unofficial Press paragraphs betrays its dissatisfaction at any suggestion to lessen the influence of France in the East. Thus it is stated that England asks France what "compensation" she would like for the abolition of the Control, to which the French Cabinet virtually replies, "It is for you, not us, to make such a proposal. As a species of compensation M. de Brazza's Treaty is to be seriously taken up, and it is now proposed that an expedition under Government auspices should be sent with the explorer to make a thorough survey of the country from a scientific and commercial aspect. That gentleman has been presented by the Paris Municipality with a gold medal, the President, in his speech, comparing him to Nordenskjöld, and praising his magnanimity in offering his hand to Mr. Stanley as a fellow-labourer!"

Another African question—that of Madagascar—has resulted in an extraordinary crisis—the Ambassadors, on refusing to sign the Treaty, were ordered to haul down their flag, an insult almost unprecedented in the annals of modern diplomacy. The negotiations have been going on for some five or six weeks, and the chief demands of the French Government are three, as follows:—Firstly, that the claims of certain individual French residents should be satisfied; secondly, that a French protectorate over the whole west coast of the island should be recognised; and, thirdly, that French subjects should have the right of leasing land for ninety-nine years. Finding that the Malagasy Ambassadors were firm in declining to agree to such terms, the Cabinet on Saturday evening presented an *ultimatum* insisting upon the two latter points, and requesting an answer before 6 P.M. on Sunday. The Ambassadors drew up a reply, consenting to grant leases to the extent of twenty-five years, but firmly declining to cede any of the territorial rights of their sovereign. This answer was carried to the Foreign Office by the Secretary, and presented to M. Duclerc, who, after having read it, threw the paper aside, and said, "Enough of this; I wish you good-day." Shortly afterwards one of the Foreign Office officials arrived at the Embassy, and notified to the Ambassadors that the French Cabinet requested them to take down their flag, and, upon their protesting, ordered the servants to haul it down. The Ambassadors, considering themselves insulted, at once left for London, leaving the archives of the Embassy to be brought on by the secretaries. As they are now in England, we may mention that their names are their Excellencies Ravinahitrinarivo, Chief Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Ramaniraka, Queen's Counsellor; M. Moses Andrianisa, a French and English Secretary and Interpreter; M. Anthony Tacchi, Secretary and Law Translator; and MM. Rabibisoa and Ranjahy, members of the suite.

The visit to Paris of the British Trades Unions' delegates to discuss the question of the Channel Tunnel with the French workmen has attracted great attention. They arrived on Saturday afternoon, and were at once taken possession of by a Committee of Socialists, who welcomed them, and took them to a banquet in the Rue de Belleville, where various Socialist speeches were delivered, and a girl, in the orthodox red sash and Phrygian cap, sang the revolutionary anthem, "La Marseillaise." Next day there was a grand meeting in the Rue de Lyons, at which the proceedings were commenced by several congratulatory letters being read—one from Félix Pyat, protesting against the further existence of "kings, Gods, and priests." England represented liberty; France equality. The two nations were worthy of each other, as "they had both executed their kings." On the part of the British delegates Mr. Fox, from Bristol, declared that the opposing interests to the Tunnel in England were the clerical and the military. He did not believe in the alarming stories of England being invaded by a party of Frenchmen dressed as old women, and wanted the French to come in their millions and "give England the benefit of their enlightened opinions." There is a very general belief in France, however, that Gallic "enlightened opinions" are hardly those of the Belleville Socialists, and a number of working men have protested against the theory that the Socialist speakers at the banquet and the meeting represented the true working classes in France. Indeed, the British

delegates, probably from ignorance, appear to have fallen into the hands of political agitators rather than of the real labourers of Paris. In fact, they were made aware of this by their leader, Mr. Shipton, being asked, when applying for an audience of M. Grévy, for an assurance that they disclaimed sympathy with the Communistic and anarchical views of the above-mentioned Socialist speakers. A letter was accordingly written pointing to their desire to state their views to the French President as the best proof of their not being revolutionists bent on fomenting trouble in a friendly country. On Monday they interviewed M. de Lesseps, who recapitulated the difficulties he had experienced from England with regard to the construction of the Suez Canal. The opponents of the Channel Tunnel scheme, he declared, belonged to the upper and ruling classes, while the working men who had advocated the Suez Canal were now also in favour of the Tunnel.

To turn to home politics, there has been a storm in a teapot respecting the alleged selection by M. Gambetta and his followers of General Campenon to succeed M. Grévy as President of the Republic in the event of any emergency. The *République Française* declares this report to have been the "carcase of a wretched; deformed canard." But there is generally supposed to be some truth in it, notwithstanding. M. Gambetta has met with an accident while unloading a revolver, one of the barrels went off, and wounded him in the hand and arm. The injuries are not dangerous, but he is compelled to keep his bed for a while.—One of the chief home topics has been the financial muddle in which the Ministry appear to be involved. M. Tirard first makes a mistake of 4,000,000, sterling in his estimates, and now M. Hérisson finds a discrepancy in his estimates for the Public Works of a considerable sum over their real cost. M. Léon Say is adding fuel to the fire by sensational articles on the subject, and a very serious feeling of dissatisfaction with the Ministry is being generated, which will doubtless find full vent in the discussion on the Budget.

In PARIS great relief is expressed at the abatement of the typhoid fever epidemic, which has been raging so severely during the past few months. Much satisfaction has been manifested at the moderate tone adopted by the new Papal Nuncio, Mgr. de Rende, at his first official reception of the Diplomatic Body. He plainly announced that the Church could not identify itself with any Government. It had suffered under all. It had laid a curse on none. Bishops were imprisoned under Louis XIV., but this was no reason for quarrelling with the Monarchy, or for proclaiming that never had the Church more freedom than under a Monarchical régime. "If," he continued, "we had identified ourselves with any kind of Monarchy, we should still be with the Merovingian Kings, and should never have been able to put up with Charlemagne." Theatrical circles are still occupied with discussing the performance of the *Roi s'Amuse*, last week, and the only novelty is a spectacular piece, at the Porte St. Martin, *Voyage à travers l'Impossible*, by MM. Adolphe d'Ennery and Jules Verne.

The students in RUSSIA are causing considerable apprehension in official circles. Following the example of their brethren at Kazan, the St. Petersburg students last week attempted to hold a meeting to protest against the action of the University authorities. The students having refused to disperse at the order of the Prefect, a large body of police were brought up, and with the aid of two regiments of Guards arrested 280 of the students. Of these 180 were subsequently liberated. The revelations which have been made at the various political trials of the past few years lend to these manifestations a far greater importance than would appear at first sight, and it is even asserted that these University ebullitions have a serious effect upon the value of the Russian rouble on the Berlin Bourse. The students receive warm marks of sympathy from the populace, and when it is remembered how many ex-students have become Nihilist notoriety it is certainly not prophetic of future tranquillity. Indeed, during a recent visit of the Czar and Czarina to St. Petersburg the most elaborate precautions were taken.

The Viceroy of INDIA opened the Sirhind Canal yesterday week. This canal is one of the largest in the world, the portion already constructed being 502 miles, while, when completed, there will be 2,500 miles of channel. The canal is designed to irrigate through branches 522,000 acres in British, and 261,000 acres in Native States. The total cost was estimated at 407 lakhs of rupees, of which 278 lakhs were being defrayed by the British Government, and 129 lakhs by the Native States. The Viceroy in his speech thanked the native Princes for their support in the undertaking, and dwelt upon the blessings to the people which would accrue from the work. At the same time he warned the cultivators upon the danger of relying upon water alone, which is by no means a substitute for manure as a restorer of the powers of the soil. The management of the internal distribution of the water is to be left to the good sense of the village communities, the Government interfering only to advise, or to prevent wilful waste.

There is little news from the UNITED STATES. The President has dismissed the Marshal of the District of Columbia and the Postmaster and Assistant Postmaster-General at Washington, together with two other officials, owing to certain revelations made in the recent Washington Star Route trials—a step which has caused considerable stir in political circles. Last week the President held a fair in the Capitol in aid of funds for a monument to General Garfield.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS serious tidings come from Germany of the rising of the Rhine, which is higher than it has been during the present century. At Coblenz the pontoon bridge has been carried away, the railway traffic has been interrupted, and at Mayence serious damage has been effected.—In TURKEY the Porte has received a request from the Khédive for permission to cede the disputed territory of Massowah to King John of Abyssinia, a demand which is not met with much favour. There has been a change in the Ministry, Said Pasha being replaced as Foreign Minister by Assym Pasha, owing to the intrigues of the Palace party, who have also caused Fuad Pasha to be arrested on a charge of conspiring against the Sultan. Fuad Pasha, it appears, had grumbled at a seizure of fowling-pieces which he had imported from Vienna. The dispute about the new Montenegrin frontier shows signs of coming to an end, as Prince Nikita is stated to have accepted the Turkish proposition.—In BELGIUM the chief topic has been the trial of the brothers Peltzer for murdering M. de Bernays at Antwerp, with whose wife the elder brother is said to have been in love.—From SOUTH AFRICA we hear that the Boers are succeeding in their campaign against Mampoor, whose stronghold was successfully attacked on the 21st ult. The natives are now stated to be cowed, and likely to make their submission.



THE QUEEN has been giving a succession of military dinner parties at Windsor, all the chief officers engaged in the late Egyptian campaign being entertained in turn, while at the end of last week Her Majesty held an Investiture of various Orders at the Castle in order to decorate those who had specially distinguished themselves. A dinner party followed, the band of the Coldstream Guards playing during the meal. On Saturday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their baby daughter left for Bagshot, having spent a

week with the Queen, and in the afternoon Her Majesty, with the Princess Beatrice, received Prince Taruhito, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Army and cousin to the Mikado of Japan. Later Her Majesty gave audience to the Judge-Advocate General. Next morning Her Majesty and the Princess attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Dean of Llandaff officiated, the Dean subsequently dining with the Queen. On Monday the Duke and Duchess of Albany arrived on a visit, and Princess Christian joined the Royal party at dinner, while next day Her Majesty gave a sitting to Mr. Boehm, who is now engaged on two busts of the Queen. On Wednesday Her Majesty, with the Princess Beatrice and the Dukes of Connaught and Albany, went to Netley Hospital, to see the sick and wounded from Egypt. The Royal party went to Southampton first, and returned to Windsor in the afternoon. The Queen has abandoned her projected visit to Haslar Hospital, as not only have most of the patients recovered, but there are several cases of scarlet fever in the buildings. Next Monday the Queen comes to town to open the New Law Courts.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are entertaining a number of friends at Sandringham to keep the Princess's birthday. They returned to Sandringham on Saturday from visiting Lord and Lady Walsingham at Merton, and were immediately joined by the Danish Minister, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Chamberlain. Sunday was the thirtieth birthday of Princess Maud, youngest child of the Prince and Princess, and in the morning the Prince and Princess, with their daughters and guests, attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene, where the Rev. F. Hervey officiated. Next day the visitors left Sandringham, when their places were taken by Princes Edward of Saxe-Weimar and Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, Count Karolyi, and others, while the Duke of Cambridge arrived on Tuesday. Yesterday (Friday) being the Princess's thirty-eighth birthday, there would be the usual tea to the women and children on the Royal estate, while in the evening the Prince and Princess were to give a ball. Next Monday the Prince and Princess come to town for a few days, and, after attending the opening of the New Law Courts, will lunch with the Benchers of the Middle Temple.

The Duke of Edinburgh has been suffering from a severe chill and feverish attack, but is now much better. The illness, apparently caused by exposure during his recent trip on board the *Lively*, had been coming on for some days, and at the end of last week assumed so sharp a form that Dr. Wilks remained at Eastwell Park even during the night time, the Duchess also nursing her husband. Lord and Lady Wolsley were then expected on a visit, and the Duke would not have them put off, and on Saturday morning was well enough to see Lord Wolsley for a short time. On Sunday he was able to walk on the terrace in the sunshine, and has since rapidly improved. The illness prevented the Duke from playing, as promised, at St. Patrick's Church, Brighton, on Saturday, at a performance on behalf of the Royal College of Music. When, however, he visits Liverpool, on December 16, to open the Aged Mariners' Homes, he will address a public meeting in the Town Hall in favour of the College, and will take part in a concert of the Amateur Orchestra. The Duke would have been gazetted Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Marines before now but for a question of rank and precedence. Accordingly, he will be gazetted a full general in the army, with precedence over all general officers on the Active List of the Royal Marines.

The Duke of Connaught had a warm reception at Bagshot on Saturday, on his first visit home since his Egyptian service. As the Duke and Duchess drove into the village they passed under triumphal arches, and were received by guards of honour, various bands, and an enthusiastic crowd.



VERY rose-coloured statements of the success of the Salvation Army were made at a series of meetings—morning, afternoon, and evening—held in Exeter Hall last Monday to commemorate "the dedication of 101 officers about to be sent to India, Africa, America, Sweden, and all parts of the United Kingdom." The success in India was described as likely to overshadow the Army's greatest triumphs at home. The services at the Eagle Tavern were said to bring together average attendances of 4,000 upon week days and 5,000 upon Sundays, and in the whole of London there were thirty-two Army corps and 34,000 Sabbath Day attendances. The total number of officers throughout the country was 1,019, commanding 440 army corps. Meanwhile one of the severest blows which they have yet received has been dealt them by the veteran Earl of Shaftesbury. "The Salvation Army had now," he said, speaking at a meeting of the Pastoral Aid Society at Winbourne, "obtained such a high position, being praised by Archbishops, Bishops, and by the clergy at large, that it would be unbecoming on his part to say more than that he much distrusted their proceedings. He could not think any of the things said or done by them in harmony with the earliest ages of the Church, or such as would have received the approbation of any of the Apostles, and certainly not that of Christ himself."

A MONSTER PETITION TO PARLIAMENT is contemplated on the part of the inhabitants of the Western Suburbs, including Hammer-smith, Kensington, and Paddington, praying that the Army may not be allowed to parade the streets on Sundays, singing sacred words to objectionable tunes. The petitioners represent men of all denominations, and only require that these demonstrations should be confined to the buildings where the Salvationists assemble. It is believed that other suburbs of London will follow their example.

"NO INCREASE OF STRENGTH" is the steady tenor of every fresh bulletin which is published about the health of the Primate, and it is no longer possible to conceal the fact that his nearest friends are hoping against hope. On Wednesday Dr. Carpenter again reports that "that morning there had been no material change." The bulletins when issued are at once telegraphed to the Queen.

THREE MORE DIOCESES have now agreed to send representatives to the Central Council of Diocesan Conferences—Hereford, Gloucester and Bristol, Bath and Wells. Two only—Salisbury and Liverpool—have declined; three—Durham, York, and Exeter—have deferred the question; and four—London, Llandaff, Newcastle, and Worcester—either have no Conferences, or have not convoked them. Thus of the thirty-two English Dioceses, twenty-three are now in active connection with the Council.

THE VENERABLE PROVOST OF ORIEL was interred on Friday in the consecrated part of the old Priestfield (granted by Ethelbert in the seventh century to the Church at Rochester), on the spot where his son had been buried twenty years before. A large party of London and Oxford friends, including representatives of the Fellows, Scholars, and College servants of Oriel, were unable to arrive in time through the falling of the railway bridge at Bromley.

THE LINES OF, AT LEAST, TEMPORARY COMPROMISE with the more advanced Ritualists have been suggestively indicated in a letter from the Bishop of Rochester to the Churchwardens of St. Stephen's, Lewisham, promising to consecrate the new Mission Church. This church will be virtually a chapel of ease to

St. Stephen's, and the Ritual of St. Stephen's is "over the line of our usual and authorised Order." Still, rather than the scandal of a closed and wasted building, the Bishop will consent to consecrate, but will serve a monition after consecration on the incumbent directing him not to introduce into the new church "any alteration from long-accustomed ritual." The simple order of service in the mother Church of St. Mary will, he thinks, best meet the necessities of the case. The Bishop relies on the churchwardens to use their personal influence on behalf of charity and order. Altogether the letter furnishes ample proof of the existence of a "tacit but widely-recognised understanding that immunity against further proposals for the prosecution of unauthorised ritual is to be ensured by a uniform and honourable discouragement of its increase."

COLONIAL SYNODS, before nominating bishops, would do well to make inquiry whether their nominees will accept the offer. Of the three clergymen whose names have been thus proposed for the vacant Bishopric of Sydney, the Suffragan Bishop of Dover is understood to have intimated at once that there were stronger claims upon him at home; and last Sunday Canon Fleming assured his congregation at St. Michael's that he had no intention of leaving them. The Rev. R. Appleton is thus the only one of the three from whom Sydney will not have received a *nolo episcopari*, which she need not have gone out of the way to provoke.



"*IOLANTHE*."—That Mr. Arthur Sullivan, in partnership with Mr. W. S. Gilbert, his *alter ego* of several years' standing, has merited and won a new success would seem to be unanimously, and on fair grounds, admitted. The continuous laughter and applause awarded by an audience which, on Saturday night, filled the Savoy Theatre in every part, was equivalent to a verdict of approval not easily questioned; and this acknowledgment of pleasure administered and thoroughly appreciated may be looked upon as a guarantee of popularity in store. One feeling, however, found expression even among those spectators apparently most delighted with what they saw and heard, acclaimed and eulogised—viz., that some considerable compression of the dialogue in the second, and for cogent reasons least engrossing act, would in no wise weaken the effect, but rather enhance its general significance; nor is such unprejudiced criticism likely to pass unregarded by those who have often, to their own advantage, tested public opinion as the joint contributors to this highly diverting entertainment, which while, with purpose intent, upsetting all fixed notions of congruity, brings art and humour together in genial companionship. An extravagance by Mr. Gilbert must be taken *cum grano salis*. Only to the brain that imagined the "Bab Ballads" could such odd fancies, bewildering plots, and incomprehensible "windings-up" occur; and it is hardly too much to say that in *Iolanthe*; or, *The Peer and the Peri*, Mr. Gilbert is as odd, bewildering, incomprehensible (and amusing)—if not, indeed, exceptions here and there allowed or condoned, more so—than in any previous essay of the kind. At the same time, it should not be forgotten that, amid these indications of peculiar wit and humour, occasionally so subtle and apparently distorted as to elude the immediate apprehension of all but keen and attentive listeners, Mr. Gilbert shows a mastery of lyric numbers enough to induce any operatic composer to solicit a libretto from his hand—so rhythmical is his verse, so inviting to communion with music; and no one can be more thoroughly persuaded of this than Mr. Arthur Sullivan, now for the fifth time his successful collaborator. That Mr. Gilbert now and then repeats himself is evident, and it would be wonderful were such not the case. One instance, however, may suffice. Passing by the *Sorcerer* and the maids of the village, we come to the conclusion that a company of young ladies are indispensable to his purpose. In *H.M.S. Pinafore* we have the "sisters, the cousins, and the aunts" of Sir Joseph Porter; in the *Pirates of Penzance*, the many daughters of General Stanley; in *Patience*, the posse of female aesthetes; and now in *Iolanthe* a bevy of ethereal fairies. In the last three pieces, moreover, all these ladies make incredible marriages. In the first, General Stanley's daughters each wed one of the pirates, their quondam persecutors; in *Patience* the female "almost too utter" aesthetes wed the male sham aesthetes, when the latter have exhibited themselves in their true colours; and now, in *Iolanthe*, the denizens of the world of fairy yield to the solicitations of the members of the House of Peers, each of them being married to at least a lord. The idea of bringing elements so incongruous together, and the practicability of inventing anything like a colourable pretext for the solution, belongs exclusively to the swarm of strange fancies that must perpetually haunt the dreams of Mr. Gilbert, and must in the natural course of things perplex that ingenious dramatist himself, as it not unfrequently does those for whose recreation they are fashioned into shape. If Professor Porson, when stumbling against chairs and tables in the dark, exclaims "Confound the nature of things," what would he not have said in witnessing, under the full glare of the electric light, this last and most extraordinary of Mr. Gilbert's catastrophes! Those, however, who have seen the play, or read it, or perused the lengthy and exhaustive notices in the columns of our daily contemporaries (and who can be so indifferent to Art progress in a certain direction as to fail in one or other of these things) must already have adopted a conclusion. This conclusion, if we are not deceived, may be summed up with tolerable accuracy as thus follows:—The first act, to which, on the opening night, laughter seemed to be a running accompaniment, is the better of the two, there being fewer moments of evident calculation than in the second, full of telling points as that undoubtedly is; the almost inexplicable commingling of fairies and mortals, with the singular conduct of both, is conceived in the author's happiest vein; the satirical allusions to the Peers of the realm might, at intervals, be toned down, without much hurt to what Corporal Nym would call "the humour of it"; and lastly, the character of the Lord Chancellor (so inimitably personated by Mr. Grossmith) is, perhaps, the drollest and most original creation in all the Gilbert-Sullivan "cyclops." A description of the "plot" in detail is happily spared us, for reasons hinted at above; we may, however, simply state our opinion that *Peer and Peri* (not *Perella*) would have been a happier title for the new work than *Iolanthe* (which suggests little or nothing), and thus have satisfied the majority, who looked forward to an uninterrupted row of "P's"—from *Pinafore* downwards. In Mr. Sullivan Mr. Gilbert has once again found his match, the whole spirit and humour of the drama, its personages and incidents, being faithfully reflected, always conspicuously set forth, and at periods even idealised by the music. Not seldom when the dialogue, the "peripetie," in short, of what occurs before the footlights, might otherwise seem to lag, Mr. Sullivan strengthens and seems to hasten it on by the orchestral devices of which he is a deservedly acknowledged master. If at times, like Mr. Gilbert—as is almost inevitable—he repeats himself, and reminiscences of old familiar friends are conjured up, this is amply redeemed by the alluring new dress provided by the taste and skill of the musician. When Mr. Sullivan appropriates, or seems to appropriate, the semblance of phrases not actually drawn from his own spring of melody—which, as we know, is flowing and abundant enough—it is almost invariably with a purpose, and the

purpose as invariably put to excellent use. Several instances to the point might be cited, but our limited space forbids. Carefully studied as a whole, musicians and cultured amateurs are not unlikely to rank *Iolanthe* highest in the scale of those productions for which Mr. Sullivan is indebted to a colleague into whose peculiar, and, it may be added, unique, sense of humour, we doubt if any other composer could enter with such close and undeviating sympathy. Melody comes spontaneously to him, no matter in what form the sentiment or action on the stage may require. "Patter" songs (and in the musical embodiment of these he stands alone), expressive songs, or what is still more difficult, songs with a dramatic purport, made expressive in spite of the apparently antagonistic verbal text, dance-tunes, fairy music, and all the rest, seem to answer his summons as promptly as the behests of Aladdin were responded to by the Geni of the Ring and the Lamp. If not always marked with the stamp of originality, they are at his immediate command, amenable to whatever treatment he may desire to submit them. We could say a good deal about the concerted pieces, and especially the amply developed *finale* to Act I, but all this must be reserved for a future occasion. Enough that the music of *Iolanthe* deserves more than a passing notice, critical or otherwise. The performance generally must be dismissed in a sentence. Every sign of careful rehearsal was discernible, and the prominent characters were, without exception, in the hands of artists fitted to make the best of them. Side by side with Mr. Grossmith's Lord Chancellor (already mentioned), the other personages, represented by Miss Jessie Bond (*Iolanthe*), Miss Alice Barnett (the Fairy Queen), Mr. R. Temple (Strephon), Messrs. Lely and Rutland Barrington (Earls Tolloller and Mountarat), Mr. Manners (the Sentry), Misses Fortescue, Gwynne, and Grey (three conspicuous fairies); and, last not least, Miss Leonora Braham (Phyllis), worthily held their own, and did their utmost, one and all, to render the *ensemble* irreproachable. The two scenes, one for each act, the work of Mr. Henry Emden, were generally and deservedly admired, while nothing could be more picturesque and appropriate than the costumes. Mr. Sullivan himself, at the head of a small but efficient orchestra of picked players, conducted the performance; and at the fall of the curtain he and Mr. Gilbert were called in front, and enthusiastically applauded.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—At the concert on Wednesday evening three new songs were produced, all of which were received with great favour. "For Pity's Sake," by Stephen Adams, was delivered with great feeling by Miss Mary Davies; "Kismet," by Molloy, the melody of which is very pretty, was sung with much applause by Mr. Santley; and "Courage, Dear Heart," by F. Clay, was charmingly rendered by Mr. Edward Lloyd. Madame Norman Néruda and the South London Choral Association contributed greatly to the pleasure of the evening's entertainment. The next concert will take place in the afternoon of Wednesday next.

WAIFS.—Herr Joseph Joachim makes his first appearance for the season at the Popular Concerts on Monday night. He is to lead the third of Beethoven's so-called "Rasoumowski" Quartets (in C), and Mendelssohn's famous *Ottello*, besides playing J. S. Bach's Concerto in A minor for violin solo, with double quartet accompaniment of stringed instruments. The great Hungarian artist is sure of a cordial welcome by the legion admirers of his talent.—It is now definitely arranged that the long contemplated memorial to the great musician, Ludwig Spohr, shall be inaugurated at Hesse-Cassel on the 15th of April next.—Some of the local papers state that both Adelina Patti and Madame Christine Nilsson will both take part in the Cincinnati Opera Festival next January. The stage jewels of the last-named artist, supposed to be destroyed with the Park Theatre, New York, have been recovered uninjured.—Abbé Franz Litz has left Weimar for Venice, where he purposes spending the winter.—The popular composer of dance-music, Herr Joseph Edler, died recently in Vienna.—Mr. Franz Abt writes as follows from Wiesbaden:—"In looking over *The Graphic* of November 11th I noticed, under 'Musical Review,' a critique of the 'Songs of Bells,' and was greatly surprised to find that my death is so much lamented. If you find it advisable to contradict this rumour, please kindly do so. I am happy to say that my health has so much improved that I am almost as well as in my best days."



It is not often that a resolution taken by the House of Commons after long debate has met with such swift and signal failure as has happened in respect of the second of the Procedure Rules. This deals with the crying evil of moving the adjournment of the debate at question time. It has always been felt that here was, within a narrow compass and well-defined proportions, the most dangerous and the most common of the enemies of progress of public business. It has come to be a truism of Parliamentary phrase that it is difficult to define obstruction. There was no difficulty in defining, and still less in condemning, this particular expression of it. Whilst the Rule was being debated every member had in his mind the picture of Mr. Biggar, Mr. Callan, or Mr. O'Donnell rising from below the gangway, and with insolent manner threatening the House with a motion for adjournment unless they would listen patiently to his offensive vapourings. This ever present nightmare modified the animosity of the stoutest man of the Opposition. It was agreed on all hands that something must be done in this direction. But of course it was felt on the Opposition benches that Mr. Gladstone's proposition would not do.

That was exceedingly simple. It provided that no motion for the adjournment of the House shall be made except by leave of the House before the Orders of the Day or Notices of Motion have been entered upon. That is to say, the House would have been perfect master of its own time, and could have refused to listen to any miscellaneous business sought to be thrust upon it by a small section of members. After long debate the granite wall of the original Resolution was chipped away till an ornamental paling was substituted for it. This was pretty to look at, and seemed to hit the happy mean between altogether repressing a minority and altogether placing the majority at the mercy of Mr. Callan, Mr. Biggar, or Mr. O'Donnell. The Rule as it now stands among the Statutes of the House provides first of all that no motion for adjournment can be made at question time unless it relates to a specific subject of urgent public importance. Next, this being admitted, a Member must obtain leave of the House, though if that be refused he may, with the assistance of forty Members standing up in their places, demand the right to be heard. This, it was triumphantly thought, shut out Messrs. Callan and Company. The number of the Irish Members likely to associate with these gentlemen in their desperate enterprise against the progress of public business was anxiously counted, and it was found that hardly at any time could they muster forty. The State was saved, and the House of Commons was delivered from the bondage in which it has been shamefully held during late Sessions.

This pleasing fancy was not disturbed even when, on the very night after the passing of the Resolution, Mr. Parnell successfully made a motion for adjournment. It was impossible to deny that the working of the Arrears Act, on which he based his plea, was

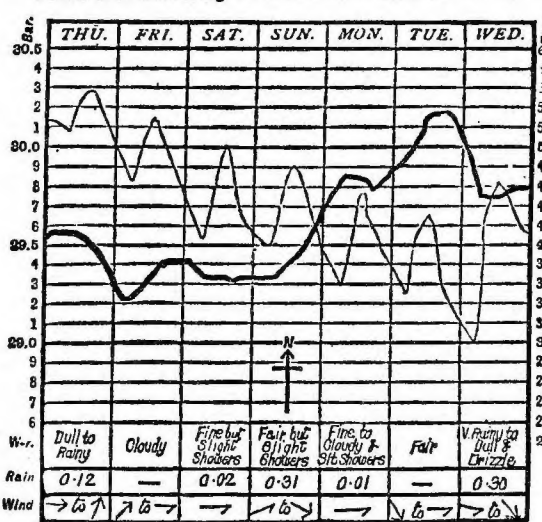
"a specific subject of urgent public importance." In making his claim he received the hearty support of all the Liberals who sat below the gangway, and though these gentlemen would not remain in their places to hear the debate, they walked about suffused with a glow of generosity in the knowledge that they had thus secured justice for Ireland. On the next night, yesterday week, when Mr. Yorke moved the adjournment in order to discuss the Kilmahnam Treaty, a great terror fell upon the House. It began to be perceived that a mistake had been made somewhere. They had been legislating specially for the cases of Mr. Callan, Mr. Biggar, and Mr. O'Donnell, and all the while they were labouring to create a new condition of affairs ten times worse than that which was formerly bewailed. When under the old Rules a member forced a motion for adjournment upon the House he always did it under a kind of moral cloud. He was for the time a Parliamentary pariah, offending against the spirit, though not the law, of the House. No one having regard for his reputation cared to take part in a debate started under such auspices. There were throughout impatient cries for the division, and every new speaker was hailed with a howl of execration. Now, thanks to the Second Rule, everything is done in perfect order, and no one taking part in such a debate can be accused of a Parliamentary offence. Hitherto these motions have been made with the declared approval of nearly one-half of the members present. The best that can be hoped is that in cases where only forty members rise it will come to pass that a debate so feebly supported may be shouted down. But it is clear that a regularly organised Opposition can always muster an imposing demonstration in support of a motion for adjournment, and that the simple result of the new Rule is to make the minority more than ever masters of the order of business in the House.

This conviction, born on the night of Friday week, came to maturity on Tuesday, when Mr. Gibson moved the adjournment with the object of bringing on a debate on the subject of the Valuers under the Irish Land Act. The House had come down prepared for discussion of that portion of the Procedure Rules which deals with Standing Committees. There had been a whip out on both sides in anticipation of a division on Sir R. Cross's amendment. The questions were over, and the Speaker just about to call on the business of the evening when Mr. Gibson interfered. When challenged for his forty, all the Conservative members rose to their feet, and the thing was done. The discussion of the Procedure Rules was postponed till half an hour before midnight, the intervening time being taken up by the making of speeches on this matter of "urgent public business," the urgency being testified by the fact that the Conservative Opposition contributed from four to fourteen to an audience which rarely exceeded fifty members.

Amid these incidents the Procedure Rules make moderately rapid progress. Having put his foot down on the matter of the First Resolution, and triumphantly carried it, the Premier is no longer obdurate, accepting any amendment which appears to have recommended itself to any considerable portion of the House—with better general results, it is to be hoped, than has followed upon the adoption of this conciliatory mood in the matter of the Second Resolution. The storm of questions about Egypt has entirely subsided. In foreign affairs only Baron Henry de Worms is indomitable. His eye roves all over the universe, and he is constantly adding to the geographical information of his country by the discovery of something wrong in some remote part of the world. It seems the Baron has private information that the Sultan of Laita is contemplating the cession of Tajoura Bay to France, and he wants to know what Great Britain is thinking of doing? To this Sir C. Dilke makes quiet answer that the question is an hypothetical one, and that should the case arise, it would be dealt with by Her Majesty's Government. "But," Sir C. Dilke cruelly adds, "we are not aware that it has arisen."

On Tuesday Mr. Gladstone made the promised statement with respect to the cost of the war in Egypt. From this it appears that in addition to the 2,300,000, already voted additional costs amounting to 1,060,000, have been incurred up to the 1st October, from which date Egypt will have to meet the charges of the Army of Occupation. The total charge to be borne by the British Exchequer for the costs of the war is 3,360,000, thus making it not only the most brilliantly successful but the least costly of British wars. This statement, exceeding the most sanguine expectation, made an end of the possibility of raising a debate on Egypt, and left the House to concentrate its thoughts upon the most important business yet before it—the duty of the Prorogation. This, it is now certain, cannot take place this week.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM NOVEMBER 23 TO NOVEMBER 29 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the greater part of this period has been moderately fair; the extreme tail end of it rather rough and wet. Owing to a depression moving in a south-easterly direction from the north-west of Scotland on Thursday (23rd ult.) the barometer fell decidedly, and was attended by dull and rainy weather, with strong westerly to southerly winds. The following day the barometer recovered somewhat, with light westerly winds, the sky, however, not clearing. On Saturday (25th ult.) the mercury remained fairly steady, with singular steadiness throughout the first six days of this period, a disposition to rise, however, appearing on Wednesday (29th ult.). The barometer was highest (30.18 inches) on Tuesday (28th ult.); lowest (29.23 inches) on Friday (24th ult.); range, 0.95 inches. Temperature was highest (56°) on Thursday (23rd ult.); lowest (36°), on Wednesday (29th ult.); range, 20°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 0.46 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.30 inches, on Wednesday (23th ult.).

THE FIRST MAN IN TEL-EL-KEBIR

THE world has it, under the hand of Sir Garnet Wolseley, that the Highland Brigade were the first to reach and storm the enemy's works at Tel-el-Kebir. Thus the honour of being, not only the first officer, but the first man in the British Army who got inside the line of defence at Tel-el-Kebir is claimed by a Banffshire man, Lieutenant G. S. A. Harvey, B Company, 42nd Royal Highlanders (Black Watch). Lieutenant Harvey had a narrow escape and a hot time of it, as he broke two swords, his own and another he took from an Egyptian.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Marshall Wane, 82, George Street, Edinburgh.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF TEL-EL-KEBIR

OUR engravings are from sketches by Mr. J. Biancardi, Inspector of Railway Traffic, Zagazig. One of these represents the site of Arabi's camp at Tel-el-Kebir on October 25th, when Mr. Biancardi writes: "The last tent from Arabi Pasha's camp has just been pulled down, and will travel with me to Zagazig by a train also conveying the remainder of the war material. Nothing is now left in the camp but some empty corned-beef tins lying on the barren desert. My sketch shows the hills opposite Tel-el-Kebir station, behind which the battle was fought." The second sketch shows the tombs of officers and men who fell at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and who are buried 200 yards south of Tel-el-Kebir station. The grave in the foreground is that of Lieutenant J. G. McNeill, 42nd Highlanders (Black Watch), the second is that of Lieutenant J. G. Brooks, 75th Gordon Highlanders, while the third grave is inscribed, "Here lie some non-commissioned officers and men of the Highland Brigade and Royal Marine Light Infantry, killed 13th September, 1882."

THE LATE COL. BALFOUR

ROBERT FREDERICK BALFOUR was born April 30th, 1846. He was the son of Mr. John Balfour, of Balbirnie, who married Lady Georgiana Campbell, second daughter of the late Lord Cawdor. He entered the Grenadier Guards in 1865, became a Captain in 1869, a Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel in 1879, and a Major in his regiment in 1882. During the Egyptian campaign he escaped without sickness or hurt until the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, where he received a bullet wound in the lower part of his leg. After being removed to the



LIEUTENANT G. S. A. HARVEY (42ND HIGHLANDERS), THE FIRST MAN IN THE TRENCHES AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

Ismailia Hospital, he was sent home, and was nursed at the house of his sister, Lady Downshire. For some time he appeared likely to recover, but symptoms of blood-poisoning appeared, and he died on the evening of the 23rd October. He is the only officer of the Household Brigade who has died during the late war.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Van der Weyde, 182, Regent Street.

THE LATE LIEUT. SOMERVELL

THIS gallant young officer belonged to the 74th Regiment (Highland Light Infantry), which bore the brunt of the fight in the capture of Tel-el-Kebir, the casualties of the regiment in killed and wounded being about 4 officers, 6 sergeants, and 89 rank and file. A sergeant of the 74th thus speaks of the subject of our memoir:—"About the first that fell was Lieutenant Kays. I stopped to give him a mouthful of water, and rushed on. The next poor victim was Lieutenant Somervell. I rushed to him, but he was gone—shot dead on the spot. He was a thorough gentleman and soldier, and, as an officer, respected as such by all ranks in his regiment." Private A. McGregor writes thus concerning him: "Mr. Somervell was as fine a gentleman as ever breathed, and a kind officer. I was right hand man of the 2nd Company, and he was about three yards in front of me when he dropped. He asked me if he was mortally wounded? I said I hoped not. He then gave me his revolver, and said 'Use that, I cannot.' He died within five minutes. It was an awful charge. We got within 200 yards of their trenches before they were aware of us. Then they opened fire, and all I can say is I don't want to see the same again."—Our portrait is from a photograph by Stuart, 120, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

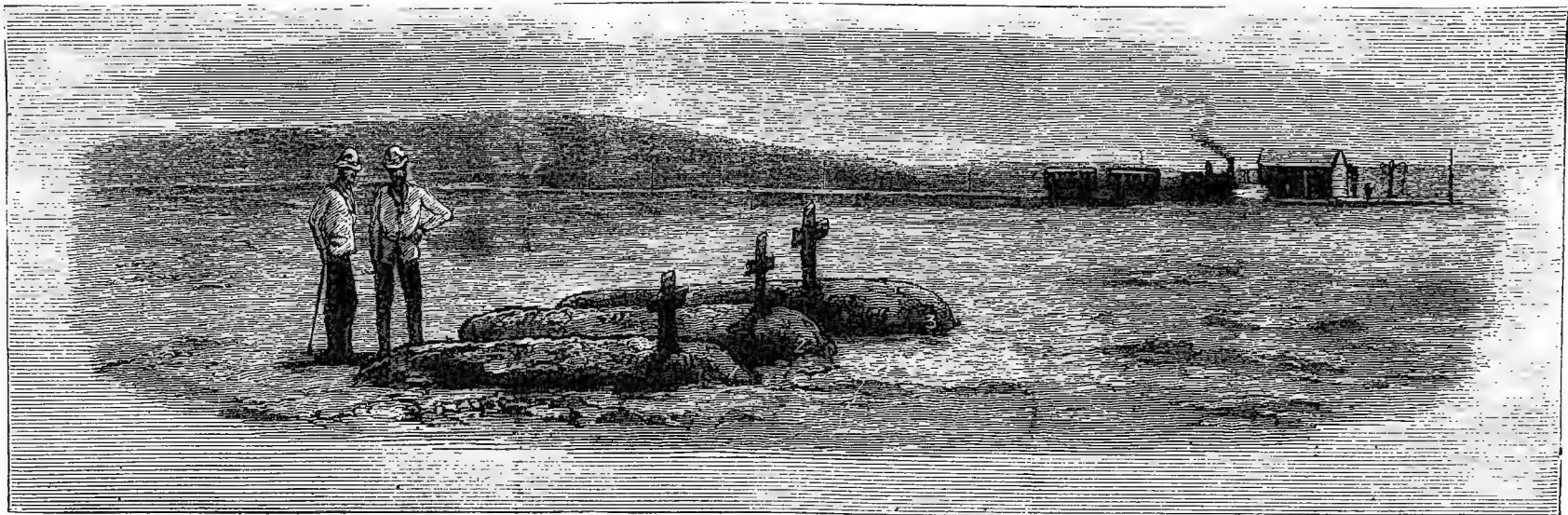
THE LATE EARL OF HARROWBY

DUDLEY RYDER, the second Earl of Harrowby, who died at his seat, Sandon Hall, Staffordshire, on the 19th ult., after a long and painful illness, was the son of a statesman even more distinguished than himself—one who for many years occupied high office in the State, and who for his eminent public services was advanced to the dignity of an Earldom.

The subject of our notice was born May 19th, 1798. He early displayed signs of high intellectual promise, and, when educated at Christ Church, Oxford, took a double first. Soon after taking his degree he was elected Member for Tiverton, a borough which had been represented by four



AFTER THE CONFLICT—ARABI'S CAMP, OCT. 31: THE BATTLE-FIELD OF TEL-EL-KEBIR



1. The Grave of Lieutenant J. G. McNeill (42nd Highlanders).—2. The Grave of Lieutenant J. G. Brooks (75th Highlanders).—3. The Grave of Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the Highland Brigade and Royal Marine Light Infantry.

TEL-EL-KEBIR—TOMBS OF OFFICERS AND MEN KILLED IN THE BATTLE



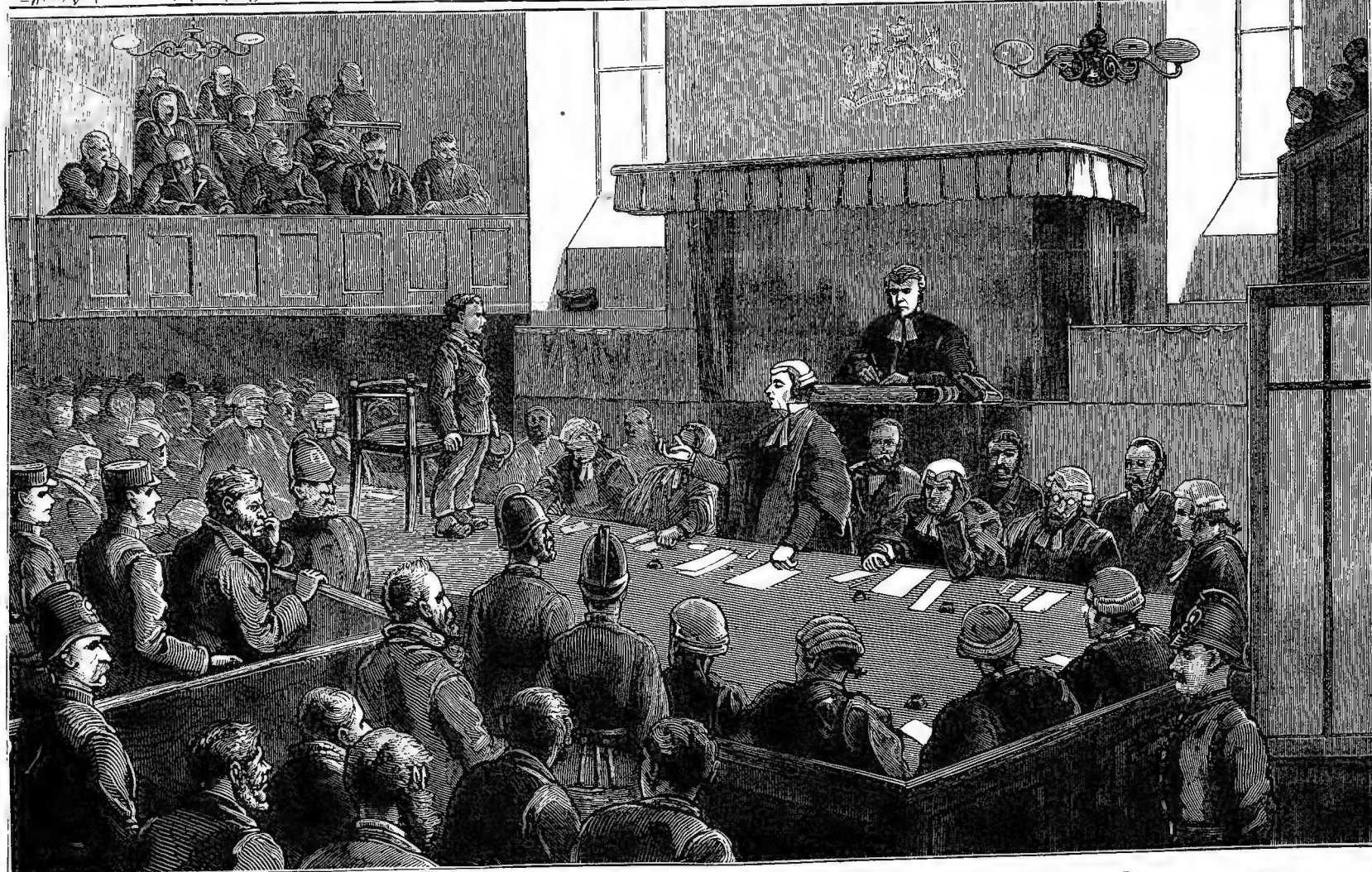
THE LATE COLONEL BALFOUR (GRENADEER GUARDS)
Died from Wounds Received at Tel-el-Kebir, Oct. 23



THE LATE EARL OF HARROWBY, K.G.
Died Nov. 19, aged 84



THE LATE LIEUTENANT SOMERVELL (74TH REGIMENT)
Killed at Tel-el-Kebir, Sept. 13



1. Eye Witnesses.—2, 3, 4. Murderers Condemned.—5. Murderer Turned Approver.—6, 7. Female Witnesses.—8. The Boy Joyce.

THE MAAMTRASNA MASSACRE—THE TRIAL OF THE PRISONERS: EXAMINATION OF THE BOY JOYCE, AGED NINE YEARS, THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE MASSACRED FAMILY

generations of Dudley Ryders; and in 1823 he married Lady Frances Stuart, daughter of the first Marquis of Bute. Later on he was invited to sit for Liverpool, and he continued to represent that great commercial city in the House of Commons until, by the death of his father, in 1847, he was summoned to the Upper House.

In politics Lord Harrowby was a Conservative of a very sensible and excellent type. From time to time he held office under successive Governments. Sir Robert Peel desired to advance him to an important post, but he preferred to devote himself to the interests of Liverpool. In this manner he held a high and influential position; he was regarded as an authority on questions of commerce and manufactures, and he preserved complete independence.

For example, he opposed Sir Robert Peel on the question of equalising the Sugar Duties, believing that we were thereby encouraging slavery in foreign countries, although at great cost and loss we had abolished it in our own colonies. The Free Trade fanatics were not moved by this consideration. For the sake of preserving the symmetry of their darling projects, and getting sugar a little cheaper, they riveted the chains more firmly on the limbs of the Cuban and Brazilian negroes.

Lord Harrowby himself was far removed from this narrow, doctrinaire, intolerant spirit, as is shown by his statesmanlike conduct regarding the Corn Laws. He did not approve of their repeal, and foresaw the injury which sooner or later would be inflicted on the home cultivator, but he felt that in such a matter, which was not a question of religion, or faith, or morals, he ought to defer to the men in whose hands the government of the country was placed, and who were almost unanimous for repeal.

Lord Harrowby's most memorable speeches in the House of Lords were in 1869, when he opposed Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Bill; in 1874, when he gave a general support to the Public Worship Regulation Bill; and in 1880, when he expressed a hope that the Burials Bill would be loyally accepted by both parties as a final settlement of the question.

Lord Harrowby's speeches were neither brilliant nor emotional, but they were clear, admirably arranged, and abounding in good sense and useful information.

He was well known as a liberal contributor to philanthropic and religious movements, and as a staunch adherent of the Church of England. For many years his familiar figure was to be seen on the platform at all important meetings called to advance the interests of religion.

His son, Lord Sandon, has now become the third Earl of Harrowby, and so the electors of Liverpool will have to choose a new member. One regrets that there is not another Lord Sandon to preserve the continuity of the representation.—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. Nicholson, 20, Mill Street, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.



LORD COLERIDGE has recovered from his recent illness, and again presides in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. Sir Robert Collier, also for some time an absentee through ill-health, resumed this week his seat upon the Bench of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

A SENTENCE of 50*l.* penalty and 5*l.* costs has been inflicted not altogether undeservedly on a Mrs. Rock, of Montpellier Parade, Cheltenham, who had stowed away two boxes of wax matches in a package destined for some friends in India, and described at the P. and O. Company's offices in Cockspur Street as wearing apparel. While being conveyed from the warehouse to the docks the package was found to smell of sulphur, and on its being opened smoke was seen to issue from one of the boxes of matches, which had ignited. The culprit pleaded inadvertence, the matches having been purchased with a number of other small articles, but the danger to a ship from a parcel of this kind was much too serious not to be sharply dealt with. The full penalty for sending matches without marking their nature on the outside of the package would have been 100*l.*

AT BOW STREET on Tuesday, John Norris Saunders was committed for trial on the charge of sending a threatening letter to Mr. Gladstone. Inquiries, Mr. Poland stated, had been made, and it had been ascertained that Saunders had been certified as a dangerous lunatic by Dr. Gibson, of Newgate, and had been confined in various lunatic asylums at intervals between 1869 and the 4th of February in the present year. The prisoner again protested in his defence that the letter had only been written to ventilate a grievance.

THE QUESTION OF COSTS in the double action for libel brought the other day by Mr. Hannay, the police magistrate, against the publisher of the *Standard* for inserting, and Messrs. Sutton and Co., distillers, for writing two letters headed "The Manufacture of Criminals," complaining strongly of a sentence passed by Mr. Hannay on a lad in their employ, came up on Monday before Mr. Justice Lopes. Mr. Hannay had in each case obtained a verdict for 5*l.* damages, but the jury had expressed an opinion that both parties should pay their own costs. Mr. Justice Lopes, who evidently thought that a magistrate should not be too thin-skinned, declined, after hearing counsel, to give Mr. Hannay his costs either against the *Standard* or the distillers.

SHARP SENTENCES OF PENAL SERVITUDE, ranging from eight and six years in two cases to five years in the other eight, were passed by Mr. Justice Hawkins at the Central Criminal Court this week on ten young men convicted of highway robbery with violence. It was plain, he said, that organised gangs of ruffians met together in various parts of the metropolis to rob and ill-treat those who came in their way, and it was essential for the sake of the public that such offences should be sternly repressed by the law. But for certain circumstances he would have ordered flogging to be inflicted on some of the prisoners in addition to the sentence of penal servitude. The judge further expressed his surprise that the Public Prosecutor did not take up cases of this description.

FRESH LIGHT HAS BEEN THROWN ON THE GRAVESEND MURDER by the arrest of a youth of seventeen, named Henderson, who had decamped after the arrest of the lad Clarke, and been captured in Bishopsgate on Sunday evening by Detective Leamon of the City Police, having in his possession portions of a watch and chain since identified as the property of Mr. Eves. On being taken to Gravesend he volunteered the statement that "he and Clarke did it with a big stick." The prisoners were again brought up on Wednesday before the borough magistrates, and again remanded.

JAMES ROGERS MANES, a chemist, indicted for conspiring with a man named May to steal 600*l.*, the property of Mr. Gompertz, a diamond merchant, of Hatton Garden, under circumstances which our readers may remember, was sentenced on Wednesday, at the Central Criminal Court, to two years' hard labour. An attempt to show that the prosecutor had lost his money at cards was unsuccessful.

THE RIGHT OF AN ANIMAL to go where it pleases was curiously asserted in an appeal this week from the decision of a County Court Judge, who had mulcted the owner of the errant beast—an ox—in the sum of one pound for damages. The ox had entered an ironmonger's shop, and done some mischief before it could be got out. It was, however, clearly shown that the drover had not been negligent, and both Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice Stephen (who

pleasantly remarked that the parties had got a good deal of law for a guinea) were of opinion that the *onus* of keeping an animal out in cases like this rested decidedly with the shopkeeper. It would certainly be hard upon him, observed Mr. Justice Stephen, if the shop were a china shop. But of such details the law can take no heed.

MR. SERJEANT BALLANTINE sailed from Liverpool for New York on Saturday in the Cunard mail steamer *Servia*. He is to lecture, we hear, in the States on his experiences of the Bar.

CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE of the genuineness of Mr. Verheyden's diary has been given this week in the Belt case by Mgr. Capel, who had come from Rome expressly for the purpose. Mr. C. B. Lawes, the defendant, in whose employ Belt was from 1871 to 1875, deposed that it was very easy to model a likeness in clay, or put "the sight into the eyes" of a statue. Many people did so without artistic training the first time they tried. The busts of Mr. Robinson, Canon Kingsley, and Mr. Spottiswoode were certainly not the work of the same person.

THE OUTRAGES IN DUBLIN—ASSASSINATION OF DETECTIVE COX

THE affray in Dublin on Saturday night, in which a detective constable was shot and his assailant severely wounded, is the most serious which has occurred since the murders in the Phoenix Park. The police have for some time been keeping watch on men suspected of belonging to the secret societies, and have themselves, it is believed, been subject to a counter *espionage*. The whisky



THE ASSASSINATION OF A DUBLIN DETECTIVE—THE OUTRAGE IN ABBEY PLACE

shops in the streets off Sackville Street were especially noted as resorts of suspicious personages. In the course of Saturday evening a party of six, evidently acting under orders, were observed by Constables Eastwood and Cox in Abbey Street, and, assistance having been procured, it was resolved to keep them in sight. The police were also six in number, though three only were armed with revolvers. At eleven, when the public-houses are closed, the men, who had been drinking, again appeared in the street, and as one of them carried a revolver in his hand the police, who were now divided into two parties, determined to make an arrest. On Cox crossing the street for this purpose a little in advance a cry was heard, "Now is your time—shoot him," and a man stepped out, and fired three shots at the constable (whose own revolver had caught in the lining of his coat), wounding him mortally on the side of his head. Nevertheless, Cox still grappled with his assailant, and Eastwood coming up and firing at the man the two fell together to the ground. A general *mélée* now ensued, in which Eastwood also was fired at and knocked down, and pinioned from behind when he regained his feet by a fellow whom he recognised as a house-painter named Devine. Just then Sergeant Danvers, of the 1st Battalion of the Rifles, came rushing up, caught Devine by the left hand, and putting his drawn sword to his throat threatened to run it through him if he stirred. Devine, who had two revolvers under his coat, made no further resistance, and the constables, facing the crowd, cleared an open space, and assisted by two gentlemen placed the wounded men in a car to be driven to the hospital, while they themselves took Devine in another car to the police station. The rest of the party had escaped in the confusion. Three of them since then have been arrested—two Irish-Americans, Ryan and Woodward, and a third man, Joseph Poole, who is said to have given the orders which first attracted the notice of the police. Poor Cox died on his way to the hospital; his assailant, a gasfitter named Dowling, is likely to recover. The murdered detective was buried on Tuesday at Glasnevin. The bier was covered with wreaths and flowers from the Viceregal Lodge, and was followed to the grave by detachments of his comrades and numerous public and private carriages, headed by one containing his two uncles and his sister. He was only twenty-three years of age, and unmarried. At Harold's Cross on Sunday the perpetrators of the outrage were warmly denounced by Cardinal McCabe.



THE TURF.—Manchester may fairly claim to have had the best meeting since the curtain fell at Newmarket. Fordham again got Sunshine home in the Wednesday Stakes, though she was not much fancied in a field of seven; and Harebell II., another outsider, took the Lancaster Nursery. Addy added yet to her reputation by carrying the top weight and winning the Stamford Nursery, and Grandeur followed up his recent successes by securing the Mile Stakes. Another recent winner, also, in the shape of Dreamland, won the Lancashire Cup, and backers were right. On Friday Sunshine again scored in the Irwell Stakes, and Beauty beat Star Chamber and eight others in the Salford Welter. On the last day, Redemp-

tion at last won a race, and a pretty good one, too, as he beat a field of ten in the Saturday Handicap. The last important handicap of the season was that to which "November" gave its name. A capital field of sixteen came to the post, and as Shrewsbury was very fairly handicapped, and it was known that he lost start in the Cambridgeshire, and yet finished second, and now ran the winner on 14 lb. better terms, he was made first favourite. He, however, made no show in the race, which fell to Lord Ellesmere's Boswell, who thus consoled C. Archer's stable for some recent vexatious defeats. Palermo was second, and Vista third, while Falkirk was last, though in the Shrewsbury Cup he beat Vista by a head at the same difference of weights. Abana, who was at one time first, and started second, favourite, and was backed for heaps of money, could not get a place. Boswell started at 7 to 1. He has generally been credited with being a short-distance horse, but his trainer seems to have a special gift of converting animals into stayers. Having Wallenstein in the stable, a pretty shrewd opinion could be formed whether he could stay a mile and three-quarters.—The meeting at Croydon, this week, followed the close of the flat-racing season, and notwithstanding some outcry against the enlargement of the "obstacles," in accordance with the new rules of steeplechasing, most animals "got the country" very well, and the hurdle-racing was of a fair character. On the first day the Grand National Hurdle Race was won by that sterling animal, Theophrastus, in a field of nine; and on the Wednesday the Great Metropolitan Steeplechase fell to Mr. Rymill's Ignition, Sugar Plum being second, and Thornfield third.

FOOTBALL.—There was plenty of interest at the Oval on Saturday last when, in an Association game, London and Sheffield

antagonised. The result was a win for London by three goals to one. This is the seventh successive victory of the home team, and Sheffield has not won the match since it was played under a common code of rules.—The Universities seem particularly strong this year in both forms of the game. At Cambridge the University has beaten the Old Etonians in an Association, and Richmond in a Rugby game; while at Oxford, under Rugby rules, the University has defeated the Clapham Rovers.—Sandhurst has beaten Woolwich Academy Association-wise, and been defeated by the Eton boys, at Eton, under Eton rules.—Among inter-county matches, Yorkshire has beaten Lancashire Rugby-wise, and Middlesex Surrey.—For the Association Cup Darwen has beaten Haslingden, and the Royal Engineers Reading.

AQUATICS.—Blackwell of Horsleydown has beaten Leigh of Shadwell over the Thames Championship Course.—George Bubeag has offered to row any two or all his four winning races over again with his old opponents, giving three of them five seconds at the finish, and Silver ten seconds at the start.—George W. Lee, who will arrive in this country from America next month, offers to row any of our best scullers in the sping.—The Cambridge Trial Eights have come off earlier than was expected, the race having taken place over the Adelaide course on Wednesday last, when the crew stroked by Beauchamp, of First Trinity, beat by two clear lengths that stroked by Meyrick, of Trinity Hall.

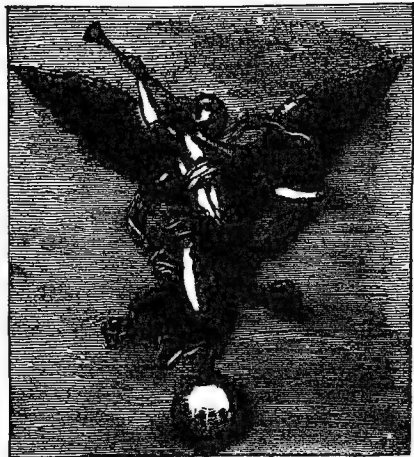
CRICKET.—The secretaries of county clubs will meet at Lord's on the 5th of next month, and hold a conference with the representatives of the M.C.C., with a view to effecting some reform in the system of "umpiring," whereby it is hoped that decisions will be less open to the suspicion of partiality on the part of the umpires.—From Australia we hear that the Hon. Ivo Bligh's Eleven have played a drawn match against Twenty-Two of Sandhurst.—Another of the Lillywhite cricketing family has passed away in the person of James Lillywhite of Cheltenham, a son of William and brother of John Lillywhite, who died a few years ago.

COURSING.—At the Berkeley Open Meeting, the Cup was divided between Mr. Clay's Miami and Mr. Holden's Nellie; the Derby between Mr. Bingham's Quicklime and Mr. Wansborough's Winterbourne; and the Oaks between Mr. Southam's Squire's Pet and Mr. Dunsford's Delight.—At Kempton Park, where the hares were in much better condition than on former occasions, and afforded some fast trials, the Hampton Court Stakes were divided between Mr. Hilliard's Hunting Horn and Mr. Wood's Trappist; and in the deciding course for the Moulsey Stakes Captain Graham Edwards's Hector beat Mr. Norman's Nancie. The meeting was a fair success; but Metropolitan sportsmen do not seem to take very kindly to this kind of sport.—The list of nominators for the Waterloo Cup has just been issued. Among the new names we notice those of Captain Edwards, Mr. T. Stone, and Lord Kilmorey. There are some few market quotations in reference to this great event, from which it appears that Mr. Alexander and Lord Haddington have been backed at 20 to 1, and Mr. Stone and Mr. Pilkington at 25 to 1 each.

ANGLING.—The Annual Report of the Thames Angling Preservation Society just published shows that it is still doing most excellent work; but it is very unsatisfactory to learn that it meets with such poor support from the great majority of anglers who frequent the river, and from the London and Suburban Angling Clubs, of which only twenty out of about 170 are annual subscribers to the Society's funds.—A carp of 19 lbs. has been taken by Lord Sheffield in Sheffield Park.

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CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—See the Times, July 13, 1864.

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DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

The wine was brought, and Mr. Braithwaite held it out to her.

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MRS. MEDWAY SEES HER MISTAKE

To all at the Knoll, save one, Kit's departure was a serious disappointment, for it had been understood that he would have stayed at Mogadion for some weeks "on business." Trenna alone was aware that the chief object of his coming had been accomplished in his having secured a local name for the list of subscribers and a good address for the Cook's Creek scheme. Even Mrs. Medway, who had arrived at that time of life when one's world begins to narrow itself to one's own home and belongings, felt his loss keenly, though it is true as much on her son's account as on her own. Mark had grown grave and silent of late months, though not actually despondent as he had been before, and he was "another creature," as his mother phrased it, when Kit was with him.

Kit was quite right (notwithstanding the proverb that says "If you want a thing done well, do it yourself") to leave to Mark the task of pleading for him with his mother. Everything from Mark's lips had force with her; even what was unwelcome to her ears became grateful; but on the whole his present tidings were not unwelcome. Her chief objection to Christopher Garston as a son-in-law (for she had considered the matter hypothetically more than once, as mothers will do) had always been that he had no means. No one laid stress on wealth as necessary to happiness less than did Mrs.

Medway; she had herself once possessed it, and given it up, for conscience sake, with no keen regret; but comfort and competence she did value. Her Maud of course had had no experience of narrow means; of the struggle to keep up appearances; of the thought that must needs be given to shillings and sixpences; of the cutting and contriving to make both ends meet; and she would have been very unwilling to expose her to them. On the other hand, she knew the stuff of which her daughter was made; and would have given her to any worthy man who had won her heart, on easy terms as respected income. She had a high opinion of Kit's talents, and especially of his knowledge of mankind; she thought, notwithstanding that she had heard rumours of his being a little wild, that he had a good heart; and indeed she had a notion (often entertained by women) that his very wildness was a proof of an affectionate disposition. He had now, it seemed, settled down to work, and, though possessing little at present, it was certain (for Mark told her so) that he had excellent expectations. The men of business with whom he was connected evidently appreciated him. The diamond ring, on the value of which her son had descanted with a triumph which he would certainly not have exhibited had it been his own, convinced her of this more than all that Kit had said about his prosperity. That a Board of Directors should have bestowed such a token of their regard upon a subordinate, and on such a short experience of his services, showed that they rated them highly indeed. To Mr. Penryn and others who expressed incredulity as to Kit's

prospects she always instanced the diamond ring as an argument against them.

"Perhaps it's paste," said Mr. Penryn, in his quiet cynical way. "Why not? What it would lose in value it would gain in significance as coming from the promoters of the Cook's Creek scheme."

But she knew it was not paste, for Mark had seen it, and handled it, and pronounced it the finest jewel he had ever seen. Indeed, considering how Kit had resented his sister's reference to the ring on a recent occasion, it would perhaps have annoyed him to know how much it was talked about, and how greatly it outweighed their admiration of the thing it typified—namely, the prospects of the mine itself—in the minds of his old neighbours.

For her part, however, Mrs. Medway was well convinced that Kit was on the highway to fortune, and that being so, was, on the whole, by no means ill-disposed to advance his interests with her daughter. She dreaded separation from Maud, and no other alliance could hold forth such good hopes of retaining her. The friendship that subsisted between Kit and her son, the affection of Trenna for Maud, the associations that linked both Kit and Trenna to the Knoll, all promised a life-long intimacy. As to what Mark had told her of Maud's disinclination to become Kit's wife at present, she attached but small importance to it. She understood it, of course, to be but a temporary objection, and thought it arose from the inopportune of the time. She had no suspicion of Maud's love for Frank (her ideas in that respect having always

taken another direction), but she knew that she had a great regard for him, and could easily conceive that while he was lying on what might be his death-bed Kit's declaration had been unwelcome. Her daughter was not one to indulge in schemes of happiness for herself while one she loved was in pain and peril; while on the other hand Mrs. Medway did not blame Kit, but made allowance for the selfishness that belonged to all young men (save her own Mark), and to the fact of Kit's being suddenly thrown together with Maud after a long and unwanted separation. When, therefore, Mrs. Medway began to sound her daughter's feelings with respect to Christopher Garston she did it with the result of a foregone conclusion.

"Poor Kit went away from us, it seemed to me, very disconsolate, my dear."

"Indeed? He struck me as being in very good spirits about his affairs."

"Well, yes, as to his financial prospects, they no doubt are very much better than he could have looked for; that he should have achieved such a position in so short a time is little short of marvellous; but in other respects he was certainly cast down."

"I am sorry for that." There was little pity in the tone in which the reply was uttered. The face of the speaker was cold, almost defiant. She sat with her hands clasped, looking resolutely into the fire, so as to avoid her mother's gaze.

"My darling," said Mrs. Medway, tenderly, "will you not be frank with me? I had hoped that you would never have a secret which I might not share."

"A secret, mother?" exclaimed the young girl, blushing from brow to chin; "what secret?"

"Well, has not Kit proposed to you, and have you not rejected him?"

"That is quite true," said Maud, in a tone that was almost cheerful, so great was her sense of relief; "but I did not know it was a secret. I thought, indeed, you had come to talk about it."

Her manner was so little like that of a young lady referring to her own possible engagement that Mrs. Medway began to mistrust her previous convictions. To find one's sagacity at fault is annoying to every one; even a mother possesses some *amour propre*.

"You know, I suppose," she said, "that the result of his interview with you is that Kit has left the house?"

"I did not know it, but I concluded as much. It was no use his staying here so far as I was concerned, and after what has passed it would of course have been embarrassing to both of us."

"But he gave Mark to understand that he was by no means without hope."

"Then he must be very sanguine—no, I don't mean that, dear mother," said Maud, discarding her cold and measured tones; "I don't wish to be hard on Kit. If I am cruel, as the song says, it is only to be kind; but the fact is, I can never love Christopher Garston, never, never, never."

Mrs. Medway regarded her daughter with curious eyes for a moment or two, then inquired gravely, "You have no reason to dislike him, Maud, have you?"

"No. I have never disliked him until to-day, and then only because he wanted me to like him otherwise than as a sister."

"I see." And she did see; her ear had detected in that reply that her daughter's heart held the image of another man; she recognised the original, of course, at once. Who could it be but Frank Mead? A man perhaps upon his deathbed, a man at best doomed to be an incurable invalid.

She uttered an involuntary sigh.

"You are not angry with me, mother, because I can never marry Christopher Garston?"

"Angry, my darling? Certainly not." Like Kit, she thought to herself, "Never is a long day. If poor Frank dies, Kit will perhaps still have his way. But in the mean time, and in any case, there would be trouble for poor Maud."

"I see it distresses you, dear mother; I am so very sorry," said Maud, her eyes filling with tears.

"No, darling, it does not distress me; at least, not on my own account."

"I know what you are thinking about," observed Maud, with a fond smile. "You are thinking what a blow this will be for Mark, who has set his heart upon having Kit for his brother-in-law."

Mrs. Medway inclined her head assentingly. She was very willing that her melancholy forebodings should be put down to Mark's account. It did not strike her as being rather hard that Maud should have supposed she could be thinking of any one but Maud herself. Her only thought was to save her daughter pain.

When Eve was turned out of Paradise she was not a mother; afterwards, to make amends for the punishment inflicted on the human race, she was dowered with maternal love, but the Giver was so bounteous that instead of its being a counterpoise to original sin, it outweighs it.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE WORST

THE next day better news arrived of Frank. The crisis was over; and though complete restoration to health was not to be looked for (such was the good Doctor's report, delivered in a voice which strove in vain to be firm), he was pronounced to be out of danger. In most men's lives at one point or another there is a place where two roads meet, and a guide-post with these two inscriptions on it:—"To Life," "To Death," but even when poor humanity is so fortunate as to take the former road it sometimes happens that he treads it with another step than that by which his fellows knew him. The vigour and elasticity of his step is gone, and though fears are not in the way, as in the case of the aged, with whom "the grasshopper is a burden," it behoves him for the rest of his days to take heed to his going. It was the opinion of the faculty that Frank Meade would never again be the man he was, and that certain objects on which he had set his heart in connection with his profession would have to be abandoned. For one thing, it was pronounced that he must give up life in London, and return to his native air as soon as he had gathered strength to do so.

"There is at least this comfort," said Mrs. Medway to the poor Doctor, "we shall have dear Frank amongst us again."

"Yes, madam," was the grave rejoinder; "or at least what remains of him."

But Maud was filled with gratitude to the Giver of all good for the bare life. As to Frank's being other than himself, she knew that was impossible; he would always be the "same man" to her.

Such is the way of women when they love us. The fallen cheek, the haggard eye, the shrunken limbs, are but so many additional reasons for their devotion; old age does not wither us in their eyes, nor disease offend them. "Tender and true" is their constant motto, though we do our best and worst to change it.

As for the others at the Knoll, they felt as friends in such cases always do feel. They hoped the Doctor's apprehensions would prove unfounded, while they welcomed what was good in his news. They regretted that Frank's ambition should be thus nipped in the bud, but their sorrow was greatly mitigated in the circumstance that he was about to return to them.

What greatly added to the general satisfaction was a note that came from Kit in a few days addressed to his sister. He spoke of his reception by his business friends in London as being everything that could be wished. "They have as great confidence in me as in the scheme itself, the shares in which are, as you will see by the accompanying newspaper, already at par. I am at present only a

provisional director, since no one can be placed on the Board unless he is in possession of a certain number of shares, a difficulty which, however, I hope to surmount. I am going to Paris on a special mission in a day or two, and on my return the house which I have fixed on as our residence will be set in order and ready for your reception. How happy we shall be together, my darling! My dear love to Mark and Maud and Mrs. Medway."

Maud was hardly less pleased with this despatch than were her mother and Mark. Now that Frank was safe, she could afford to bestow her sympathies elsewhere, nor did she resent that phrase of his "dear love," since it was applied to the rest, and could, therefore, have only a general significance. She felt that she had a regard for Kit almost as great and genuine as her admiration for his talents, and cordially congratulated Trenna on these good tidings. Mark was in the seventh heaven of happiness at his friend's success, and defended him from what Mrs. Medway good-humouredly described as his want of gallantry in putting Mark's name before that of herself and her daughter.

"That is one of the few things we learn at college, dear mother, that the masculine is more worthy than the feminine, and, therefore, comes first."

To which that lady had rejoined, with no less truth than wit, that no man need ever go to college to learn that much.

The only person, strange to say, in whom Kit's letter did not inspire confidence, and put in good spirits concerning him, was Trenna herself.

There were certain things in his letter which troubled her, passages in which she alone read something between the lines.

"No one can be placed on the Board of Directors who does not possess a certain amount of shares" ("in other words," thought she, "the money to buy them"), "a difficulty which, however, I hope to surmount." How could he possibly surmount it, save by finding the money? And how was he to find it? Of course it was possible that his friend Braithwaite might advance the necessary funds; but, if so, he would surely have given some hint of it. He was always very frank with her, unless he had something to conceal, and of which he knew she would disapprove. The statement, too, that he was going to Paris "on a special mission" filled her with vague apprehensions. Why to Paris on business connected with a mine in Cornwall? And, again, why was he silent on the nature of the mission?

Even the newspaper, with the shares of the company quoted at par, gave her tremors as she called to mind what the company's property looked like, and what sort of an agent represented its local interests; while the name of "Christopher Garston, Esq., the Grey House, Mogadion," under the heading "Provincial Directors" in the long advertisement of the mine, revived her old presentiments, and filled her with alarm. Why had she not fled with him when he left his father's house? What good had she done by remaining there? From what temptations, from what perils, might she not have preserved him had she been by his side to advise and restrain him?

With every day that passed by without news of him Trenna's fears increased. She wrote to his address in town, and her letter was returned to her, marked by the landlady "Left the house." She wrote to the London office of the mine, and received no reply. She had almost ventured upon addressing herself to Mr. Braithwaite, but the fear of her brother's wrath restrained her. She knew not what mischief such a proceeding might do him. The same consideration restrained her from communicating her fears to her friends at the Knoll. It was possible that after all there was nothing amiss. Kit might be even preparing a surprise for her—some brilliant piece of good fortune. And then to have to acknowledge that she had doubted of him, and had expressed her doubts in a quarter too where he wished above all to inspire confidence—"no," she said, "he would never forgive me."

How marvellously are some human lives bound up in one another! Not merely dependent, or intertwined, for every branch is of the family tree, and can have no separate existence; but there are some natures actually contained in others, as the kernel in the shell. It is not too much to say that in those days of suspense and terror Trenna Garston lost consciousness of her own identity, and became in a manner Kit himself. As weeks went by, and still without a word from him, her efforts (Heaven alone knew what they cost her) to account to others for his silence began to lose their efficacy.

"There must be something wrong," said Mark. "I shall run up to town."

"No, no," she pleaded; "Kit has some reason for his silence; he is sure to write to me in due course." If anything was wrong—that is, shamefully wrong—she felt, putting herself in Kit's place, that Mark should be the last to know it. Little as Kit valued the world's judgment, the good opinion of his friends at the Knoll was of paramount importance to him.

But Mark's suspicions once aroused were difficult to allay. "I will give him another week," he said; "then if he still keeps silence, nothing shall prevent me from seeing him with my own eyes. I am sure some misfortune has happened to the dear fellow."

So was Trenna by this time, quite sure; she was prepared for the worst. She did not think he was dead (for that would not be the worst), but she respected what she knew would be his wishes as we respect those of a dead man.

When the time which Mark had assigned for the limit of his patience had almost expired there came the long-looked-for letter.

"MY DEAREST TRENNIA,—

"Since I last wrote I have had quite a series of ludicrous misfortunes. I know how my silence must have alarmed you; but to have written about them would have given you pain. In a fortnight all will be well. But in the mean time it will be a comfort to have you with me; you will come, I know, by to-morrow's express, and alone. This last proviso is absolutely necessary. I date from Braithwaite's house, who will communicate my present address to you."

"Always your loving
KIT."

Not a word of explanation! Not a word about the mine! And his very address to be communicated to her at second hand!

"Good Heavens! what can it all mean?" said Mark, to whom she was obliged to show the letter; if he had not seen Kit's own words forbidding him to accompany Trenna, no arguments of hers, she knew, could have prevented him from going with her to him.

Trenna could only shake her head; she knew, indeed, no more than Mark what had happened to her brother; but she could make a better guess.

Her clothes were already packed—they had been so for days in expectation of some such sudden summons; but she fled to her own room on pretence of packing them to escape the inquiries, the condolences, the apprehensions of her hostess and of Maud. To the latter she felt a positive repugnance which, at the same time, she knew to be unreasonable; it was possible that Maud's rejection of her brother had driven him to some act of desperation; at all events she had spurned him from her when he was on the brink of calamity. She shrank even from Mrs. Medway, because, when the worst should be known, Mrs. Medway might shrink from Kit. But Mark—Mark whose cheek had turned pale, in whose eyes "the man's rare tears" had stood as he read his friend's letter—Mark would stand by him to the last.

"My dear, remember that you have friends here," said Mrs.

Medway as she tenderly embraced her parting guest, "who will spare nothing for you and yours, and who may be depended upon whatever happens."

"Say everything kind to Kit for me, my darling," whispered Maud, as she hugged Trenna to her bosom.

But for her, these words had a false ring in them. Not that she disbelieved their sincerity, but because she felt that they were spoken in ignorance. If Kit had given way to some great temptation (as she put it to herself) a second time, would the friendship of these two women survive the shock? Would it have survived his first offence, had that ever been brought home to him? But as to Mark, he would be true to Kit through blame and shame.

He was in the pony-carriage waiting for her at the door, for he would allow no servant to drive her to the station.

"You must write to me to-morrow, Trenna, and tell me all;" were his first words as they drove away.

"I must do what is best for Kit," she answered gravely.

"But how is it possible that he could wish to keep me in the dark?"

"I do not know, Mark; I know no more than you do; but you have read his letter. He said it was necessary that I should go to him alone. The matter—whatever it is that is the matter—is a private one."

"But to hide it from me, Trenna!" said Mark reproachfully. "I have always shared his joys, then why not his sorrows? Think of what I shall suffer, Trenna, sitting here powerless to help him, and imagining every misfortune that can happen to man save the loss of honour."

There was a long silence. Mark's last words had frozen her speech and chilled her very blood. She was quite prepared for the absence of all suspicion in Mark as regarded his friend's moral conduct; but this expression of confidence in his integrity, which she herself was so far from sharing, appalled her. Fond as Mark was of Kit, would his affection for him endure as hers did, should he become convinced of the unworthiness of the object? An old story she had read somewhere flitted across her mind of a man who had been accused of some terrible crime, and who was visited by two friends in prison. One of them said, "My friend, however strong the proofs may be against you, I could never believe you guilty of this offence;" the other said, "Whether you are guilty or not, you are still my friend." This latter she now thought must surely have been a woman.

The carriage drew up before the Bank in Mogadion.

"Why are you stopping here Mark?"

"To change a cheque."

"Not for me, I hope, Mark?"

"Yes; you must take a hundred pounds with you. I can send what more you have occasion for. You don't know what may be wanted."

"But, Mark"—

"Good Heavens. What is money?" he interrupted vehemently.

"I am amazed at you, Trenna; suppose he wants it?"

"Then I will write for it. That I will promise. But I have enough for my own expenses."

Kit had provided her with funds for the very purpose of taking her to town. An hour ago perhaps she would have accepted Mark's offer. But now she felt that she might be obtaining the money under false pretences; that phrase, "save the loss of honour," still rang in her ears; it was not Kit, but the man he had taken Kit to be, to whom he was proffering his assistance.

Mark sighed, and said no more; he knew it was useless to argue with Trenna. They parted at the station with a prolonged hand-shaking, and looks that spoke more than words.

As the train was moving slowly out of the station, and Mark walking by its side, "You will take care of my poor Polly," said Trenna, with trembling lips.

"Surely, surely, everything that is dear—to you and Kit—is dear to me."

It was strange that at such a moment she should have spoken of the bird, but the fact was the idea presented itself to her like a bequest that suddenly occurs to a dying man; she had a presentiment that henceforth the Knoll would know her and hers no more. There was a tunnel just without the little town, and as the train entered it she seemed to be entering her tomb. On the other side of it she became a new woman; all weakness had passed away; resolute, devoted, unyielding, she was prepared to act and to suffer. Had she been possessed of less determination of character her case would have been piteous. They only to whom it has been allotted to take a long journey, summoned by some misfortune of the extent of which they are ignorant, can picture what she suffered during that day's travel.

It was dark when she reached London. She took a cab, and drove straight to the house where Mr. Braithwaite the elder lived: it was in Portman Square. As the door opened and she was ushered into the hall—looking so huge and sepulchral by contrast with the little vestibule at the Knoll—a chill ran through her blood, her limbs trembled, and her face seemed to straighten and grow rigid. On one side of the hall was a half-opened door, giving ingress to some well-lighted apartment, from which came the clatter of knives and forks and the tumult of conversation. She shrank back from it in alarm, for something told her that Kit was not there, nor in any such scene of social enjoyment.

"This way, Miss," said the footman, ushering her into a small room on the opposite side of the hall. "My master will be with you immediately." At the same time there was a cessation of the noise in the dining-room. She heard some one say in a voice half jocular, half sympathetic, "I don't envy you your office, Braithwaite."

There was a heavy step over the tiled floor, and the master of the house presented himself to her. A big, burly man, with shaggy eyebrows and a heavy face. With one hand he was playing nervously with a gold chain which hung across his white waistcoat; the other he held out to her—not unkindly.

"Sit down, Miss Garston."

"I had rather stand," she murmured. She felt that if she allowed herself the least relaxation she must needs break down.

"I am very sorry about your brother," he said; "he has pained us all, and of course has done great mischief to us. But we wish him no harm—believe me."

"What has he done, sir?"

"Good Heavens! is it possible he has not told you?"

"He has told me nothing; only that I was to call here to learn his address."

"You mean the address of the lodgings that have been taken for you," he answered with a strange look. "I have seen to that myself; a most respectable woman, my own tenant, has orders to take every care of you; she lives in Ludgate Hill. That is the number." And he gave her a card.

"And my brother?"

"Roberts," cried the old gentleman in a loud voice, "bring a glass of wine here at once—port wine—the thirty-four port."

The wine was brought, and Mrs. Braithwaite held it out to her. She shook her head.

"Where is he?" she murmured.

"My poor girl! You will see him to-morrow morning. I have arranged all that for you with the Governor. You will be quite close to him."

"Where—where is he?"

"He is in Newgate Prison."

(To be continued)



THE cold weather which took us by surprise in the middle of last month sent us to the furriers in haste. A fur-lined or sealskin jacket or coat is a very comfortable and, at the same time, dangerous garment. Many imprudent persons will sit in a warm room for two or three hours, closely wrapped in furs, without even unfastening their coats or mantles, or will come in very warm from a walk, throw off their fur wraps, and put on a dinner dress with the chest uncovered. It is well to arrange the fur garment quite independent of scarf or veil, with a simple clasp or buttons, and, on entering a room, to unfasten it and, if possible, to drop it off. In passing from the dressing-room to the drawing-room, a dainty little white fur, or a white stamped velvet fur-lined cape will prevent a sudden chill, and often more serious consequences.

For driving in an open carriage, we were recently shown a very stylish sealskin Newmarket coat; whilst, for a matronly figure, there was an ample dolman of sealskin. Some very handsome mantles for visiting were: Satin *soleil*, trimmed with beaver of the fashionable "Ninon" shape; another was of sealskin, trimmed with opossum.

From Paris came a visiting costume, with a skirt of bottle-green fine cloth, with treble box-pleats, a long *redingote* of brocaded velvet, ornamented in front with five very handsome Brandebourgs and cords; the back was made with several flat pleats caught together by three Brandebourgs and cords. Another French costume was made of terra-cotta-coloured cloth and velvet, trimmed with braid and opossum fur; a muff to match. Very stylish was a petticoat of green Astrakan, with a polonaise of green and gold repp, looped up high on one side.

We were recently shown some specialties in Opera cloaks, which are worn very ample and flowing. One was of cream-coloured brocaded Sicilian, trimmed with cream plush. Another was of cream brocaded satin, trimmed with fox fur. A third—which had a very original effect—was of old gold and brown raised chenille. For useful purposes, not so perishable as the above, was a cloak of Oriental Paisley, trimmed with brown marabout feathers. Another was of black silk, with satin flowers *appliqué*, and outlined with gold thread, trimmed with pompon chenille, and gold fringe. Fur linings and trimmings are much used; but the outside of the opera mantle must be of velvet, plain or fancy, Ottoman silk, embossed or plain satin, fine cashmere, or plush.

The furs worn this season are black fox, black genet, brown, black, or grey opossum, skunk, brown lynx, racoon, and grey squirrel. Sable, which has been out of fashion for a few seasons, has come in again.

For a wedding breakfast or other dress occasions, very attractive is "The Shepherd Hat" made of bronze velvet, trimmed with Ottoman ribbon of a lighter shade, a bouquet of cream-coloured chrysanthemums on one side. Another new becoming shape is "The Venetian"—it is very large, and made of felt, in black or colour, and trimmed with Ottoman silk. Hats, with but few exceptions, continue to be worn very large, made of felt, beaver, or velvet, and plentifully trimmed with ostrich feathers or tips. For young girls the *Manteau Noir* shape in blue beaver and pompons is very popular, as is also a very pretty modified form of the poke bonnet; the front rather high, made of Robin Hood green velvet and lined with finely-drawn green satin; a plume of ostrich feather tips curls gracefully over the left ear.

A young lady who was showing us some caps remarked naively that there are no old ladies now, and that she dared not venture to show a customer those combinations of lace and ribbon with which our grandmothers used to soften the lines and wrinkles of their faces and throats; the wrinkles are there, but the caps are dispensed with. The favourite material for caps, or, we should say, head-dresses, is plush; of pearl white, cream or some bright colour, arranged in simple folds, and trimmed with lace only for morning wear, and with real or artificial flowers, feather aigrettes, pearls or sequins for evening dress. Black lace is very seldom used for caps. For breakfast very pretty and inexpensive caps are made of pleated batiste in all colours. They look bright and cheerful with a dark dress on gloomy winter mornings. A vagary of fashion which we hope will not last long is to twist a scarf of tulle or silk muslin, the colour of the dress, high up and tight round the throat, and to fasten it with a fancy brooch or quaint lace pin; the wearer, thus muffled up, appears to be suffering from a sore throat; two small puffs on the sleeves are worn, instead of cuffs. A dainty novelty of the season is "The Officer" lace set, with cuffs and collars in *écru* embroidery. The *dentelle Trianon* in *café au lait* colour forms a pleasing contrast on a dark velvet or woollen dress. We must not forget to mention for the benefit of our readers who are susceptible of cold, and suffer from rheumatism or bronchial affections, the "Perforated Chamois Leather Bodice." It is a great protection against east winds. Made in scarlet, mauve, or blue flannel, it is lined with the finest medicated Alpine skin, perforated to allow for free evaporation.

Black or dark velvet or plush will be very much worn for musical evenings and theatres. The bodices are often made separate from the skirts in order that two, and even three, of the latter may be had for one of the former. For example: a square cut bodice is filled in with three shades of coloured crape in closely pleated frills. If the dress be of the new copper red colour, the frills should be of pink in three shades. For myrtle green the *crêpe* frills shaded to sea-green, or brown shaded to cream. Sometimes the frills are of Mechlin lace or *point d'Alençon*. On a bodice, high to the throat, a Medicis collar made of seed pearls, cuffs to match, makes a pretty change; the sleeves should be puffed at the shoulders, and to make the costume a little more stylish a girdle of silk and pearls may be added. The fashionable shade of pink for evening wear is topaz, which has a delicate golden shade through it, and is very becoming both to dark and fair complexions. A very charming ball-dress was recently made of topaz satin, with small pompons of raised velvet, in shades from cream to deep brown; the bodice, panels, and demi-train were of this material. The tablier was made with a series of small frills of the palest blue *crêpe* delicately embroidered in silver pompons; these frills were repeated half-way up the skirt between the train and the panels. This costume looks equally well with the colours reversed.—The new *Pekin* is made with three narrow satin stripes alternately with a wide stripe of silk repp. A handsome skirt may be made of this material; it requires no trimming unless it be a double ruche of ravelled silk, which has a very light and feathery effect, and is not quite so costly as the marabout feather trimming now so much worn.—For dinner-dresses black Spanish lace tunics and flounces are combined with satin and velvet in crimson, amber, or cream-colour; four or five materials are often skillfully arranged in one costume. We must confess that, with but few exceptions, the materials for mantles, costumes, and especially dinner and evening parties are very costly. True, there are imitations in cheap fabrics, but they very soon look crushed and shabby.

There are two courses open to those whose means are limited. Either to buy one really good and handsome costume, and courageously to wear it again and again, or, with still greater courage, to dress with simplicity. This is not so hard for the young girls who rejoice in that *baute de diable* which so soon passes away,

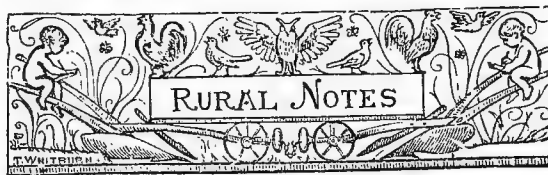
as for the young matrons who dread the sneers of those friends who have money and to spare at their banker's.

A word to parents in anticipation of our children's fashions for January. Do not have steels put into their frocks for Christmas parties if you would have them romp and be merry.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

THE present Winter Exhibition at the Suffolk Street Gallery contains an average amount of good work by the older members, and it derives an unaccustomed freshness and vitality from the pictures of several artists of acknowledged ability who have recently joined the Society. Of these none has a stronger claim to notice than Mr. T. J. Watson's large sylvan scene, "A Surrey Lane," with a flock of sheep in the foreground over-shadowed by wide-spreading trees. The picture shows the most careful study of natural form, and it is painted throughout with singular force and fidelity; it is, however, not quite so luminous in tone as the artist's well-known water-colour drawings. This last remark applies with equal force to the broadly and well painted picture of a fishing-girl standing on the sea-shore called "The Lass That Loves a Sailor," by Mr. A. H. Marsh.—A life-sized half-length of a fantastically attired lady, "Her Considering Cap," by Mr. E. F. Brewtnall, displays, like all his works, a considerable amount of *ad captandum* cleverness, but it is inaccurate in design and flimsy in execution. The painter is seen to infinitely greater advantage in two fresh and suggestive landscape studies with figures, "The Beginning of the Harvest" and "The Angler."—In his picture called "An Unequal Match," Mr. F. Barnard—another new comer—has represented, with extraordinary realistic force, two old and rather repulsive women and a comely and modest-looking girl, busily engaged in washing clothes in the same tub. The subordinate parts of the work are loosely treated, but the figures are strikingly true in character, vigorous in their movements, and full of vitality.

Mr. W. Dendy Sadler, whose works for some years past have been among the most attractive features of these exhibitions, sends a picture of two French priests playing at chess—"Habet!"—more subtle in characterisation than anything he has produced, and more artistically complete. The puzzled look of the younger player, who, with his head between his hands, is seeking an escape from impending mate, and the triumphant air of his antagonist, who leans back, sipping his coffee, are equally good. The picture is painted in a sound and solid style, and, but for a certain prevailing foxiness of colour, would be entirely satisfactory. Mr. R. J. Gordon's picture of "Lady Teazle" standing behind the screen, though not strong in expression or very significant in gesture, is noteworthy for its breadth of treatment and rich harmony of colour. Mr. C. T. Garland contributes an admirably painted small half-length of a thoughtful-looking boy, in mediæval costume, called "Il Penseroso"; and Mr. W. H. Bartlett a life-sized head of a swarthy Italian girl, which, though it entirely fails to justify its title—"Mia Bella"—is finely modelled and full of character. A small picture of a Normandy peasant girl, seated on a table peeling potatoes, "A Little Housewife," by Mr. W. Breakspere, an artist whose work we have not met with before, is remarkable for its artistic treatment and finished workmanship, as well as its truth to Nature. Somewhat inferior to this as regards colour and general harmony of effect, but displaying ability in many ways, are this painter's two larger pictures, "Un Petite Blanchisseuse," and "Une Méchante Enfant." Mr. A. G. Bell sends a small view on "The River Rother," luminous in tone and refreshingly simple in treatment; and Mr. Leslie Thompson an excellent little picture of "The Fish Market: Rye," full of daylight, and suggestive of space. Among other good landscapes of small size are Mr. C. Wilkinson's "Below Medmenham-on-Thames," Mr. J. Langton Barnard's River Scene, with a barge moored "At Home;" Miss Kate Amphlett's "Declining Day," and a study of "A Surrey Cottage," true in tone, and painted with rare skill by Mr. A. D. Peppercorn.



THE WEATHER.—Snow has fallen heavily in Bedfordshire, and in Somersetshire the floods extend over thousands of acres. Great alarm is expressed lest the sodden land should breed sheep fluke. Stock are being finally withdrawn from the fields, and the autumn sowings progress but slowly.

SHOWS.—A cattle, poultry, and root show opens at Shipston, in Oxfordshire, on Monday next, the entries being numerous, and a good attendance being confidently expected. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday there will be a big show in Yorkshire at York. On the 12th December Leeds will be the scene of a similar gathering.

A MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.—At a meeting of the Central Chamber of Commerce, to be held in London on Wednesday next, the commercial interest will be urged to support the agricultural in its demand for a Ministry of Agriculture. The Chamber of Commerce think that two Ministers should be appointed, one for Commerce and one for Agriculture, a view in which we coincide. The day may be put off, but we are convinced that the distinctive claims of these two vast interests cannot indefinitely be ignored. For the care of our Posts and Telegraphs to give a Cabinet dignity to a Minister, and the care of the Lancashire Duchy Estates another, while commerce and agriculture are relegated to minor officials, is an anomaly which, we believe, will not long be endured.

CORNFIELDS ON CANVAS.—Under such poor light as St. Catherine's Day was pleased to afford us, we struggled through the crowded rooms of the Society of British Artists on the occasion of what is ironically denominated "the private view." The day was very dull and bleak, and we turned with pleasure to such pictures as rejoiced in sunshine, and set before us what the hymn with a felicity but too rare in modern religious verse describes as the "August gold of earth." There were such pictures on the walls in Suffolk Street, and we advise farmers and lovers of the country not to miss seeing George Cole's "Carting the Harvest," A. Bevan Collier's "Tregalva in Cornwall," and George Cole's "Cornfield at Pangbourne." The truth and brightness of these pictures is very pleasant, and the corn is corn, which in certain canvases—also in the Suffolk Street Gallery—it certainly is not.

"AUTUMN'S FALLING LEAF."—Decaying leaves are good manure, and it is a pity to see them so often wasted as actually occurs. They should be stored in a simple earth-pit from year to year, and so arranged that, by getting a year ahead, the gardener can always have for use leaves which a year's storage has rendered friable and good manure. In fact, we should lay down our leaves as we do our wines, and remember that, like our new crude clarets, our fresh fallen leaves are wonderfully improved by a year's keeping.

THE TRICOLOUR need not be repudiated by Henri Cinq as new and revolutionary, for science is telling us how Nature hoisted the "red, white, and blue" æons before man was made. Blue flowers have, it appears, a mysterious tendency to produce both red and also white varieties, so that the same plant may be bright with tricolour blossom. The columbine shows all three colours, and so does the larkspur. Monkshood has not yet been known to develop

the red, neither have violets or blue bells; but white varieties of each of these three flowers are well known. Rampions and campions produce white varieties frequently, rarely red. The blue is regarded by naturalists as the highest development of colour in flowers, white, red, and yellow standing in the order named. The rule generally holds good that the higher the development the more attractive to insects is the flower.

DEVONS.—Do farmers often notice that there is a difference between the cattle of North and of South Devon? Do they perceive that the North Devons are the smaller, plumper, and prettier of the two, and yet the more hardy? The build is the same to a great extent; but the South Devons are the slower in filling out into good form, even under the best treatment. The strong red colour of the breed seems to be of no less intensity in the South than in the North. Devonshire cream needs no eulogy, and so it may be thought censorious to observe that the milking qualities of the Devon cattle might be improved. The beef, however, is uniformly excellent, and the Devons are deservedly popular in show-yard and in the fields. Devonshire farmers are keeping more cattle and growing less corn, and in this we think they do right.

STOCK.—Foot-and-mouth disease is spreading in Suffolk to a very serious extent. Seventeen parishes are under the Privy Council interdiction. There are 319 animals down, and the number is increasing weekly.—On the 20th of December an important sale of polled cattle from the Montblair herd will be held.—Cattle disease prevails extensively in Lincolnshire; and altogether it may be regarded as fortunate that the great Norfolk Show is over.

LANGLEY CASTLE.—What is the best thing to do with an old castle? We all agree that to sell it to a parvenu, who has it "scraped" and made "tidy," is not the best thing. Mr. Ruskin would fence it round and leave it to unmolessted decay. For those who demur to this there is happily something still left. It may pass into the hands of an old and historic family, who will make it their seat, using what of it may be useable, leaving the ruins to reverent rest, and adding such modern erections as may be needed for comfort, erections which, after a very few years, will not jar with the older portions of the place. This fortunate fate has fallen to Langley Castle. The ancient stronghold of Percies and Umfrevilles, which a Liberal Government have brought to the hammer of the auctioneer, has been bought by Mr. Cadwallader Bates, a Northumbrian gentleman, of lineage almost as hoary, if less famous in history, as that of the castle itself.

LANDED ESTATES.—The Duke of Buccleugh has 4,000 acres in the county of Northampton for which he cannot find tenants.—Sir Charles Anderson, of Gainsborough, has given his tenants a rent remission of 15 per cent., and so has Lord Durham.—A sale by auction at Bolsover Castle is not a pleasant matter to have to chronicle. Death will not spare even our country gentlemen, but their executors might surely save the old houses from the disfiguring bills of the auctioneer!—Afton Manor, one of the finest properties in the Isle of Wight, is now in the market. We once should have thought that any property in that favoured island would have been immediately taken up. But the long time Norris Castle remained unsaleable convinced us to the contrary.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—"C. S. S.," of Wisbech, the other day caught a pike which had just swallowed another smaller pike tail first. We fear that revolutionary notions are extending even to the piscine world. All writers on fishing tell us how for generations it has been the invariable custom of cannibal fishes to swallow their prey head first.—An Oxford correspondent asks whether a retriever's attaining the age of thirty-one years is unprecedented. We do not know. It is difficult to prove a negative; but we never heard of a dog exceeding a couple of dozen years.—A swallow was seen at Margam, in South Wales, on the 18th of November. These late appearances serve to keep alive the strange ideas entertained by White of Selborne and some others concerning the hibernation of some swallows in England.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Australians (Victoria) have recently been inspecting a bullock of the following proportions: Height, 7ft. 2in., length 12ft. 6in., girth 10ft. 3in. He measures 5ft. 4in. from the withers to the brisket, and turns the scale at 3,200 lb.—A farm of 800 acres in the parish of Docking, in Norfolk, has just been let at 2s. 6d. per acre. The tithe rent charge is 7s. 6d. per acre.—The whole of the outbuildings, stacks, and farm produce at the model farm at Hanchurch, in Staffordshire, the property of the Duke of Sutherland, have been destroyed by fire.—A pig ten weeks old on Gallowcrook farm, near Elgin, weighs 80lb.—Mr. Fleming has discovered a new fungoid disease in cattle.—The American wheat crop is finally estimated by the Government at 510,000,000 bushels.—The Birmingham Cattle Show of 1882 will be remembered for the 100 guineas Elkington Cup, that has been shifting from annual owners ever since 1873, being at last carried off by Mr. Price, won for him two years in succession by his Hereford as the best beast in the show: weight over 21 cwt.—The success of Her Majesty in showing the "best shorthorn" will also signalise 1882. The heaviest beast—a cross-bred, mostly shorthorn blood—turns over 23 cwt.—H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Lords Walsingham, Ellesmere, and Dartmouth are amongst the chief prize winners.—The Open Root Classes displayed some magnificent specimens, and the season has given over forty-two tons per acre of mangold and swedes, even when plots of five acres had to be weighed.

AMBER IS BEING FOUND in large quantities at the digging station of Palmucken, near Königsberg, a solid piece weighing 8½ lbs. having been recently dug up. Latterly the shelving bottom of the Baltic, inshore, has been ploughed by an instrument towed by a small steamer, a diver following the plough and gathering the amber thrown up. It is now intended to increase the yield still more by means of charges of dynamite.

REWARDS PAID FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF WILD ANIMALS in the Madras Presidency during 1881 amounted to 2,025½. This implied the slaughter of 136 tigers, 750 panthers and leopards, and 543 other beasts. On the other side, 1,302 persons and 8,938 animals were killed by wild beasts and snakes, tigers killing 135 people and 3,328 cattle. The value of cattle destroyed by wild animals during the year amounted to 17,876½.

THE WORKS OF JOHN LEECH.—At a recent Soirée of the Manchester Literary Club, a suggestion was made as to the desirability of obtaining by public subscription a selection of drawings by John Leech, similar in character to the series now in the South Kensington Museum, to be offered in the first instance to the Manchester Corporation for the Permanent Art Gallery of the city. This suggestion was warmly approved, and a subscription list was opened in the room, to which about fifty of the gentlemen present at once contributed. It is known that there still remain in the possession of the artist's sisters a large number of drawings which these ladies desire to see worthily bestowed in public galleries. It is hoped that the public response to this effort may result in the purchase of the whole of the remaining works, in which case selections could be made and placed, not only in Manchester, but in Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Nottingham, and other large towns, and thus the wish of Mr. Ruskin, who is one of the Committee, "to see the collection divided, dated carefully, and selected portions placed in good light, in a quite permanent arrangement in each of our great towns," be to some extent realised.—Communications should be addressed to Mr. George Evans, Hon. Secretary of the Manchester Literary Club, Mauldeth Road West, Fallowfield, Manchester.



THE RECENT CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT—THE STAFF OF THE BRITISH ARMY, PHOTOGRAPHED AT CAIRO



BALDNESS, unfortunately, is a subject which has a present or prospective interest for most people; even the medical student may find himself attracted to it by a grim spell of personal curiosity as well as by the charm of scientific research. And so true is this, that we conceive a work like Dr. Tom Robinson's "Baldness and Greyness" (Henry Kimpton), though addressed primarily to the medical profession, will find quite as many readers without as within it. Baldness, it appears, is generally speaking the "special privilege of the ruder sex;" and senile baldness is of such frequent occurrence among men of an advanced age, that "it almost seems a normal condition of the male head." According to Von Bärensprung, the chief cause of baldness is failure of nerve-force; and in many cases electricity, judiciously applied, is the most potent remedy in both sexes. In this, as in other medical subjects, there is a good deal of interesting and even amusing collateral matter; indeed, a fine sense of humour might be cultivated by the perusal of a good selection of medical works alone. Dr. Robinson, for instance, tells us of a "remarkable case of complete depilation." The patient, it appears, one day, while shaving, noticed "a bare spot on the right cheek;" and on having his hair cut the same day, the hair-dresser "called his attention to a circular bare spot on his occiput." From this day, adds the author, the bald spots enlarged until the man had not a hair left on head, face, or body. At the same time, however, there is much to make us serious. There is a baldness produced by a vegetable parasite, called *Microsporum Audouinii*, which is infectious. Dr. Robinson treated a lad suffering from it, and cured him; but his cap was given away to another boy, who wore it, and straightway contracted the disease. Greyness is discussed at some length; it should be treated with a simple pomatum containing some stimulating ingredient. "All the hair dyes," says Dr. Robinson, "are injurious; and I do not see why I should give formulæ which might be used for vain reasons, or to rob old age of the beauty and dignity which white hair so often gives it." However, for baldness, which, as we have seen, often results from constitutional and parasitic affections, he gives several prescriptions. Dr. Robinson writes in a clear and simple style, and his pages are not overburdened with scientific phraseology. His book, indeed, is very readable, and it embodies the results of considerable historical as well as valuable physiological and pathological inquiry.

Mr. Joseph Hatton has republished in book form (S. Low and Co.) the "Series of Sketches of Famous Pens and Papers of the Day," which, under the title of "Journalistic London," he contributed to *Harper's Magazine*. It cannot be said that they gain by the process. Chapters of desultory gossip, weighted here and there with facts, may be well enough in the pages of a popular magazine, especially when it happens to be American, with American aims and character. But when gravely put before us in a volume, they seem—to say the least—undignified, and wanting in good taste. Moreover, many errors which were pointed out as those articles appeared month by month remain uncorrected. However, we suppose there is a market for this kind of thing—a craving for personalities, to minister to which is to be popular; and in these times popularity is a good excuse for much otherwise inexcusable.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis, in printing his lectures on "American Humourists" (Chatto and Windus), tells us that, having read "long and tiresome essays by Hazlitt and others," explaining the difference between wit and humour, and having "lain awake at night thinking over the difference," he has come to the conclusion that there is none; and he hastens to reveal this "truth" to the world, because it has been "such a comfort" to him. The only value of this statement is that it proves the bluntness of Mr. Haweis's perception. It is not too much to say that a mind that cannot grasp the difference between two things so distinct as wit and humour cannot well be trusted to deal with either humourists or wits of any nationality whatever. Commonplace paradox, uttered *extempore* in a lecture-room, when put in plain black and white is apt to appear precisely what it is—sheer nonsense; and it is clear that Mr. Haweis was right when he felt convinced that "nothing worse could happen" to his lectures than their appearance in a volume. Another thing: Nearly every sentence is printed by itself—as a single paragraph; from which two deductions may be made—viz., that the reader is afforded time "to see the point" (a consideration for which in many cases he will be grateful); and, that Mr. Haweis is not capable of writing a paragraph in the ordinary way. It is a sign of genius nowadays to be unable to do things, just as it is a sign of genius to spell "frailty" with a capital F, and "dishonour" with a capital D. This is a favourite trick of Mr. Haweis, who also talks about *De Balzac*—a piece of superfluous pedantry. He says of the great French novelist, that he "saw bits of womanhood alive;" and he takes his specimens of Oliver Wendell Holmes's novel-writing "from two books which are not novels." The truth is that before they become wearisome Mr. Haweis's lectures are to some extent amusing, but not at all in the sense in which he meant them to be.

The third and concluding volume of "Bristol, Past and Present" (Arrowsmith, Bristol; Griffith and Farran, London) records the history of the ancient city from the Stuarts' time to the present. It is by no means certain that this is not the most interesting portion of the work; but in any case the authors—Messrs. J. F. Nicholls and John Taylor—are to be congratulated on the completion of an important and anything but easy task. The book is not without faults—the illustrations, for instance, might have been far more artistic and far less hackneyed than they are. Nevertheless, it remains a very able and a very useful work, and one which justly takes high rank amongst recent publications of its class.

"The multitude of books," says Dr. Pryde in his preface to "The Highways of Literature" (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo and Co.), "has now become overwhelming;" and he adds, "Many of these are comparatively worthless," which is a somewhat qualified way of stating the case. He has therefore written a book in which he "lays down rules" by which the reader may identify for himself the best authors, and "study them in such a way that they will be of use in the duties of every-day life." This is commendable; and the work is appropriately dedicated to the author's past and present pupils of the Edinburgh Ladies' College and other local institutions with which he is connected. It deals with books in general, with fiction, biography, history, poetry, drama, oratory, and mental philosophy, but it says nothing about books on Art—that is to say, on music, painting, architecture, and sculpture. Surely this is a large omission!

"Learned in the Law" (S. W. Partridge and Co.) is a new piece of book-making by Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams. It consists of biographical studies of "eminent lawyers" from Bacon to Brougham, including Selden, Mansfield, and—Burke, who, Mr. Adams says, was "certainly learned in the law," for his knowledge of its higher principles "helped him largely in his public career." The book of course is "primarily intended for the young;" and Mr. Adams says that every page "bristles with examples and encouragements or warnings." We do not doubt it.

It is now ten years since Mr. Robert Buchanan's sketches in the "Land of Lorne and the Outer Hebrides" first appeared in book form. In republishing them now—"The Hebridean Isles" (Chatto and Windus)—the author dedicates them to the crofters of Skye,

with whom he sympathises with a very "Hielan" fervour. The rising of the crofters may or may not be a "precursor of a revolution which must come." But there can be no question of the interest of Mr. Buchanan's volume, and there is some reason to agree with his suggestion that it has had a good deal to do with recent developments of the Scottish novel.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

PROFESSOR FLEEMING JENKIN called attention lately during a lecture in Edinburgh to the popular fallacy that Electricity is on the point of superseding steam as a motive power. He pointed out that engines of some kind must be employed to produce a current, and that current must be merely looked upon as a good means of distributing the power from place to place. This correction is useful at a time when so much money is being invested in electrical schemes, as, in their hurry to invest, the public are apt to place a blind belief in the powers of the new agent, and credit electricity with being capable of doing all kinds of impossible things, including the immediate return of handsome dividends.

Thus we find a paragraph in more than one journal which tells us that at an agricultural gathering recently held in Germany, the experiment was tried of using electricity instead of steam for threshing wheat (at the same time the space round about the machines was lit up brilliantly by a portion of the current diverted for that purpose). Now it stands to reason that either a steam engine or some other motor must have been employed to obtain that current by means of a dynamo-machine, and the question readily suggests itself why could not the motor be made to do the work without the intervention of a costly dynamo-machine, which cannot be employed without a great loss of the original energy?

As a rival to the employment of electricity for the transmission of such energy a new system is about to be employed at Paris which resembles somewhat the hydraulic arrangements which are now common at our large docks for working cranes and other machines by a steam engine at a central spot. Only in this case the central steam engine instead of pumping water pumps air from the pipes leading to the premises of the various customers. Rarefied air motors are thus set to work, and can be applied to any purpose required. The quantity of air drawn through each subscriber's motor will indicate the amount he has to pay for the accommodation.

Another employment for air has been patented by Mr. Stroudley, who professes to work railway signals situated at long distances by means of compressed air instead of by the wires at present used. This would certainly relieve signal men of much heavy work in the same way that the modern organist can, by pressing a pneumatic button, pull out combinations of stops, and thus relieve himself of much exertion.

Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., to whom the scientific world is already indebted for several novel methods of research, lately brought before the Anthropological Institute some apparatus for measuring the relative delicacy of muscular sense. This apparatus consists of a box containing trays of small weight arranged in sequence, and numbered one, two, three, &c. The person whose muscular sense has to be tested is told to arrange a given set of weights in their true order of heaviness, and his powers are measured by his success in doing so. Thus one man will appreciate a difference between numbers one and three, while another more obtuse will only find a difference of weight between, say, numbers one and five. Mr. Galton mentioned some general results of this system which are interesting. Men were found, for instance, to discriminate better than women, and men of intellectual attainments better than those not in the habit of employing their brains much. Again, women of morbid sensitiveness were found by this apparatus to be by no means remarkable for their success in discrimination. This curious system of comparison of weights appears therefore to be a test, to some extent, of intellectual capacity, and in its results is somewhat similar to a clever apparatus shown some few years back at the South Kensington Scientific Exhibition. In this latter apparatus, if we remember rightly, the rush of blood to the brain could be approximately calculated during a mental effort. It therefore became possible to indicate, during the mental translation of a passage from one language to another, whether the person tested were familiar with the original tongue, or had merely a school knowledge of it. In the first case the mental effort would be small, but in the latter very much the reverse.

Another method of dealing with mental impressions was experimentally demonstrated some time ago by Dr. Burdon Sanderson, who was able to measure the small fraction of time occupied in the transmission of a thought to the brain, excited by some external influence by the ear, sight, or touch. It would therefore seem probable that at some future time a complete set of tests may be devised by which the mental capacity of an individual can be accurately gauged. The mere circumstance of successfully cramming for a competitive examination will then no longer be considered a testimonial to a man's brain power.

Professor Kolbe, of Leipsic, has reported some curious and instructive experiments relative to the antiseptic properties of carbonic acid gas (carbon andioxide). Joints of beef were hung in specially-constructed metallic cases charged with gas, and kept in a warm atmosphere. For the first eight days the meat did not change in any way. In fourteen days it had become grey externally, but its nutrient properties were undiminished, and its flavour was that of fresh meat. In three weeks' time it had become softer than fresh meat, but it was still otherwise unchanged. After five weeks it had no unpleasant smell, but the cooked gravy was not so good as that of fresh meat. Mutton and veal did not withstand a like treatment, for both began to smell badly at the end of the first week. Fish and fruit also gave way very soon. Professor Kolbe believes from these experiments that a simple mode of keeping beef fresh for several weeks has now been devised, and he suggests that the discovery will be particularly valuable in places where the gas in question rises naturally from the soil.

Medical records teem with instances of doctors who, in their wish to benefit science, have tried all kinds of experiments upon their own bodies with a view to arrive at the precise action of some little-known drug, or the behaviour of known remedies under unusual conditions. But we believe that Dr. E. M. Hammond, of New York, is the first who has had the temerity to sit in a chair and be quietly strangled until sensibility ceased, in order to ascertain the most merciful manner in which the last penalty of the law can be carried out. In a paper describing these experiments, and the unpleasant feelings to which they give rise, he recommends that executions should be carried out with far greater regard to the feelings of the chief person concerned. Some people will think that his efforts on behalf of the criminal classes would have been more productive of permanent good if they had borne upon the application of a rope's end in another way. If such an application were rendered legal for many minor offences, it is possible that great crimes—where the ugly noose becomes necessary—would soon diminish in number.

The apparatus by which the common housefly is able to traverse our slippery window-panes, and to walk upside down on our smooth ceilings, has given rise to many conjectures. The commonly-received opinion is that the foot is furnished with multitudes of suckers, and that the insect depends for his hold on atmospheric pressure. Many have combated this theory, and have endeavoured to prove that a sticky fluid exudes from the foot hairs, and so causes the little creature to adhere. Herr H. Dewitz, in a paper recently contributed to the Berlin Society of Natural History, adopts this latter

theory, on the ground that the fly's foot is hard and destitute of muscles. He has also watched the insect's movements under a microscope, and has actually seen the footprints, in the form of particles of clear liquid, left when the foot hairs had touched the surface of a piece of glass. He believes that all insects who have the power of running over the under sides of leaves and plants are provided with a similar adhesive fluid.

T. C. II.



EDWIN ASHDOWN.—Two songs, written and composed by Harold Wynn and Louis Diehl, will prove useful additions to the *répertoire* of a mezzo-soprano and a tenor respectively; for the former is "Gathered Lilies," a semi-religious song, for the latter "Little Lassie," a quaint love song.—Of the ordinary autumn sea type is "The Blue Peter," a pathetic poem by Beatrice Abercrombie, wedded to a spirited melody by J. L. Hatton.—Three characteristic pieces for the violoncello and pianoforte, by W. Williams, are brief and well suited for the drawing-room: No. 1 is a "Cradle Song," No. 2, "Introduction and Ballad," No. 3, "The Young Savoyard."—Pianoforte duets are always welcome, especially at Christmas time. "I Pifferari," a *musette moderne*, by Sydney Smith, is the very piece for an after-dinner performance. It is lively and original.—Three dreamy, but very pleasing, pieces by C. E. Pahte are "In Shady Vale," "A Spring Flower," and "Sweet Dreams;" all three are moderately difficult.—Of two pieces by Gustav Lange, "Ein Tag in der Schweiz" will be the greater favourite, especially with those persons who have spent their holidays in Switzerland. "Neues Blumenlied" is a pretty piece of a more ordinary type.—Very good specimens of *morceaux* for the schoolroom and the drawing-room are "Marche Heroïque," by M. Watson; "Dreams of Youth," by A. Loeschhorn, a trifle more difficult than its fellows; "Enid," a pretty and flowing melody by Walter Macfarren; "The Chase," a cheerful hunting song by Oliver Cramer; and "Air de Danse," arranged by Henri Latour.

MESSRS. WILLCOCKS AND WARD.—"The First Song" (*Das Erste Lied*) is a refined and graceful song, for a tenor or soprano, by Ferdinand Gumbert.—"More Light," written and composed by F. V. Page and V. Davis, is a very gloomy song, treating of a realistic death-bed.—A skit upon the numerous patriotic songs which the recent war has called forth, the joint production of Harry Nicholls and Herbert Campbell, is "Cock-a-Doodle-Do; or, Don't Wait for Me, Boys." There is sufficient fun and quiz in it to raise a laugh at a Christmas party; the frontispiece is very funny.—Nicely got-up in a red-and-gold binding are "Four Impromptus," by Chopin; "The Imperial Edition," fingered and edited by Charles Klindworth, who has revised, fingered, and carefully annotated all the works of that gifted composer in a highly efficient manner. These four impromptus are Op. 29, 36, 51, and 66 (posthumous). A very suitable Christmas-box for a good pianist.—"Blumenlied," by Gustav Lange, "Souvenir," a *bluette* for the pianoforte, by Hilmar Schönborg; and "Les Noces d'Or," by Louis Gregh, are three useful pieces for the schoolroom.—The romantic frontispiece of two lovers, he drawing the outline of a heart on a tree, and she very much admiring his crude effort, will attract the young people's attention to and prepossess them in favour of "Aus der Blüthenzeit," a graceful song without words by Alban Förster.—A brace of showy and brilliant but danceable waltzes are "Künstler Träume," by Julius Liebig, and "L'Immensité," by Louis Gregh.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Marie Corelli has started a new idea which will no doubt be imitated by others, she has selected part of a speech from Shakespeare's play of *Romeo and Juliet*, and set it to music under the title of "Romeo's Good Night." We can recommend this elegant little song to a sentimentally disposed tenor (Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.).—A pretty song of a school which is a trifle overdone is "Westbury Fair," written and composed by G. C. Bingham and Cotsford Dick. At a people's concert this song would be surely redemanded (Messrs. Ransford and Son).—"The Sunrise Waltz," by W. H. Westover, is of more than ordinary merit, the time is well marked. It will undoubtedly be a favourite in the ball-room this season (C. Jefferies).

A SONG OF THE PERFECT REST

I.

"O WHO will sail for the Seas of Rest?
O who will sail with me into the West,
Where God's own breath is the evening air,
And the Sun is a golden mosque for prayer
Set by the verge of a red, red shore?"
The winds of a dream in Dreamland bore
This cry from the waves, like a wild sea-mew;
And away I sailed, with the skipper and crew,
Into the breast
Of the flaming West,
All for a treasure-trove of Rest
That we never found
The whole world round.

II.

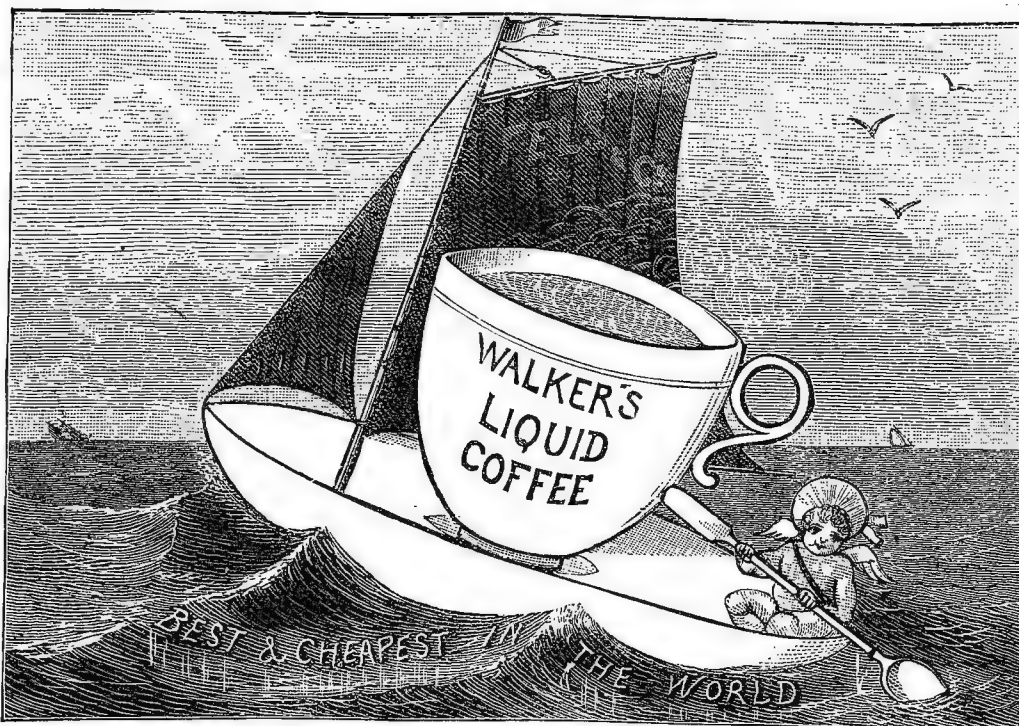
"By nights ye are sighing for glory-lands,
Day-toilers amid Life's burning sands;
Know ye not that behind you blue,
That blooms on the hills, live all who are true,
And there is the garner of all desires?"
This was the song of Dreamland choirs:
And many a man laid down his load
At sound of the singing, and took to the road
Away to the blue,
The far and the new,—
The far and the new that never was true,
And never was found
The whole world round.

III.

"O who will come to the Land of the Dead,
The Land of Sleep?" an old man said;
His trembling voice was soft sweet rain,
His talk of a country swept of pain,
And like tears of God his great eyes shone:
Now when all in my dream had looked thereon
They trusted his words, and hand in hand
Set off to possess this Silent Land
Where folk never weep,
But smile in their sleep,
And seem to have found, in that slumber
deep,
What they never found
The whole world round.

ERIC ROBERTSON

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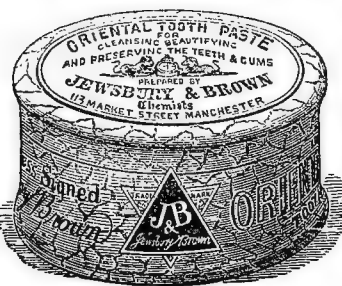
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A SINGLE APPLICATION OF NEURALINE not uncommonly cures Nerve Pains of the most protracted and agonising kind, while it in most cases effects a permanent cure, and in all gives certain relief. Mrs. W., of Moyston, writes, "My daughter has derived great benefit from Neuraline in a case of severe and long standing Neuralgia." "I have recommended your Neuraline to many."—M. C., Moorlands, Paignton, Devon.

THE GREATEST SUFFERERS from NEURALGIA or any Nerve Pains can obtain immediate relief and permanent cure by using the approved remedy, NEURALINE. "The bottle of Neuraline was perfectly marvellous, giving instantaneous freedom from pain when most acute."—J. R. B., of Ballymacool, Letterkenney, Ireland.

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NEURALINE, THE BEST AND SPEEDIEST SPECIFIC, curing all Nerve Pains, has received general approval. Mrs. M., of Lesbury Vicarage, Northumberland, writes as follows: "Mrs. M. will thank Messrs. LEATH and ROSS to send her a 4s. 6d. bottle of NEURALINE. She suffered agonies from pain in the face, and the only relief she got was from the Neuraline."

ESPECIAL ATTENTION IS REQUESTED to the following most important and significant extract from a letter addressed to LEATH and ROSS by the Rev. C. K., of Eversley Rectory, Winchester: "The Rev. C. K. finds Neuraline allay the pain when everything else fails."

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS and RESTLESS DAYS altogether prevented, and relief from all nerve pains assuredly given, by the use of NEURALINE, the speediest and most reliable remedy. From all quarters gratifying testimonials are constantly being received. "Nothing gave me even temporary relief from severe Neuralgia until I tried your NEURALINE. In the time required to penetrate to the nerve centres all pain was gone, and has not since returned." J. W., 84, Myrtle Street, Liverpool.

NERVE PAINS may be said to exceed all others in severity, and equally true it is that no remedy for them is so effective and speedy as NEURALINE. C. H. Irving, of Mansion House Buildings, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., writes, "I have tried most advertised remedies for Neuralgia, but without relief, until I obtained NEURALINE. The pain has entirely left me, and not returned."

FROM OSBORNE HOUSE, Alderley Edge, Manchester, Mrs. F. writes to LEATH and ROSS, Homeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, W., London, as follows: "Your NEURALINE is an excellent remedy for Neuralgia. My medical man often uses it. As a sufferer from nerve pains should at once order a supply of this best and speediest remedy, which has stood the test of many years, and is daily more appreciated."

NO REMEDY FOR NERVE PAINS is to be compared with NEURALINE. This specific may always be used with confidence, as it is an effectual curative of the severest attacks, whether situated, and relief is instantaneous. "The Neuraline cured me from agonies." From C. G., 31, Titchborne Street, Edgware Road.

FROM ONE of many Testimonials the following extract, showing the wonderful excellence of NEURALINE as a cure for Nerve Pains, is confidently submitted to the reader. "Miss H. has found Neuraline most successful for face-ache, and has recommended it to many of her friends."

AVOIDING ALL EXAGGERATION, either of language or fact, NEURALINE may unquestionably be stated as the best, speediest, and most reliable curative for all Nerve Pains, however intense or of long standing. "Mrs. S. S. requests another flat bottle of Neuraline, same as last. It was quickly effective for curing Neuralgia in the instep."—Eastwood, near Nottingham.

A SIMPLE APPLICATION OF NEURALINE frequently effects a permanent cure, while it invariably gives immediate relief to all sufferers from Nerve Pains. "I have tried Neuraline for Neuralgia in the head, and it has been of great use." From Miss F., Pembroke Lodge, Bray, Co. Wicklow.

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF TO SUFFERERS FROM NERVE PAINS is given by the use of NEURALINE, and in no case has it failed. As a certain and speedy curative this specific may be confidently relied on. "I have often proved the efficacy of Neuraline in cases of Neuralgia."—From F. J. S., Colnbrook Park, Manchester.

NEURALINE MUST BE TRIED to be appreciated. The testimony of all who have used this remedy for Nerve Pains agrees in acknowledging its extraordinary efficacy. Mr. Edgar, of Bute Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B., writing to Sir James Matheson, says:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful lotion she had applied. The relief was instantaneous."

NEURALINE should always be used for Nerve Pains, as it is most effective, and gives immediate relief. "NEURALINE proved the most successful lotion ever applied."—Mrs. Edgar, Bute Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B. Sir James Matheson, of Stormaway, N.B., says, "Messrs. Leath and Ross are welcome to publish the testimonials to NEURALINE addressed to him."

ALL Nerve Pains, however Severe, are cured by the use of NEURALINE. It is invaluable as a speedy and certain relief giver, and testimonials to its great excellence are continually being received from persons who have proved its efficacious qualities. "Your NEURALINE has successfully relieved a periodical pain in my head."—From Mrs. L. F., West Malvern.

NEURALGIA Instantaneously cured. Testimonial received by Leath and Ross from D. C., 6, Lynton Road, St. James's Road, S.E. Having suffered from Neuralgia, on the recommendation of a friend (who had previously been cured by it), I tried your NEURALINE. I was instantly cured by the first application, and have been free from the pain ever since."

THE Speediest and most Reliable Specific for all Nerve Pains is NEURALINE. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, W. London. NEURALINE is sold by all Chemists in bottles, 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 5d.; by post 1s. 3d. and 3s. Merchants, Shippers, and the Trade supplied on the best terms with all Homeopathic preparations.

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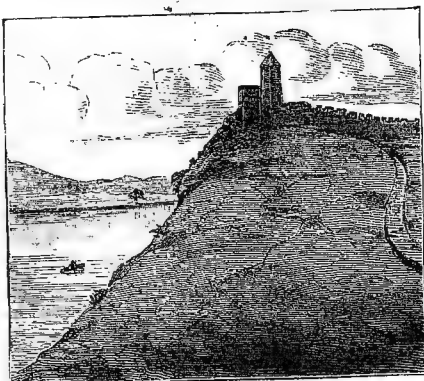
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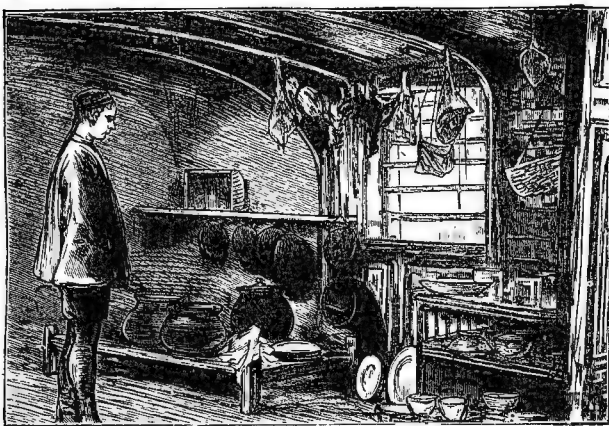


ENGLISH "YAMEN," CANTON

a Chinese gentleman, thoroughly acquainted with English, and with a good knowledge of Mandarin and some acquaintance with Cantonese. The Consul at Canton most kindly gave me, as second interpreter, a subordinate of his Consulate, who was well acquainted with Mandarin and official etiquette, and was a Cantonese. It was imperative to have interpreters knowing Cantonese and Mandarin also. After great difficulty we managed to prevail on a cook and coolie boy to accompany us as personal servants. All these men, it is needless to say, had to be very highly paid, for the Chinaman will only venture into unknown regions when heavily remunerated. The obtaining of a cook was one of our chief troubles, and the first applicant was amusingly unqualified for our wants. I had written to a friend asking for a *chef*, and a few days later, after my return to Canton, sure enough a cook did appear, and astonished me not a little! I was busily engaged one afternoon at the



A CITY WALL OR BLUFF



THE KITCHEN OF OUR BOAT

Consulate, when one of the servants came to inform me that a gentleman was waiting to see me in the verandah. On going out I saw this gentleman, neatly got-up in European costume, while his portmanteau—an elaborate affair—was being



A CELEBRATED GENERAL

taken out of the sedan-chair, in which he had just come from the steamer. He was infinitely better dressed than I was, and his portmanteau was an *article de luxe* such as I have never had in my possession. This was the cook! This gentleman, whose name was Mr. George Porphyus, a native of Corfu, could not speak one word of Chinese—knowledge of the language being a *sine quâ non*, as I myself was ignorant of the tongue—had never been on a land journey anywhere, wanted the wages of a Parisian *chef*, and

altogether was as unlikely a man as one could have found for the capacity of cook on an exploring expedition. He had been cook on board the *Iron Duke*, the only qualification he could adduce for the post, and one which I failed to recognise. Needless to say I wrote to my friend in Hong Kong, beseeching him—as I was neither a sinologue nor a *nouveau riche*—not to send me any more cooks of his calibre!

Having got servants we had next to get a boat, and this we found in the usual craft of the Canton River, the *Ho-tau*, literally "river-ferry." This class of boat, which is affected by the mandarins and richer class of traders, affords a very comfortable means of river travel. They are shallow-bottomed, large craft, with a house divided into two or three rooms, with glass windows and side doors from which you can step on to a narrow platform running the length of the boat. On this platform the boatmen pole with great skill. The usual mode of progression is with a huge sail when the wind serves. When there is no wind, they track by means of a long line or pole. My experience of boat-travel in India, Burma, and Siam had prepared me for much rougher accommodation, and I was astonished at the liberal, and, to our ideas, extravagant amount of space, and the well-ordered arrangement of the rooms. The Chinese not only pay great attention to the naming of their vessels, but place in each a number of tablets or panels, with quotations from favourite authors painted upon the back partition of the main cabin. In our vessel there were six, enclosed in frames of rich gilding, with the usual pre-Raphaelite-looking flower decoration above and below. A translation of one of these runs thus:—"Mountains are not alone famous for their height, but as the abodes of the immortals." Another: "Rivers are not renowned merely on account of their depth, but as being inhabited by demons."

"This, my narrow craft, where I live virtuously, is more secure than the Imperial throne." The last lines, a skilful adaptation from the Chinese classics by our captain, we took to be a polite, and by no means uningenious, hint to the traveller not to grumble! The polers at their work utter the most frightful cries, and till we got used to it we were perpetually rushing out to ascertain what had happened, their shouts being so like those of a man in an agony of pain. The crew are packed abaft the deck like sardines in a tin. The captain lives above them on the rising stern. Our skipper usually took his wife on his voyages, but luckily for us she did not come on this occasion. The captain, we were told, was, like other men of his profession, very much more manageable when his wife was not by!

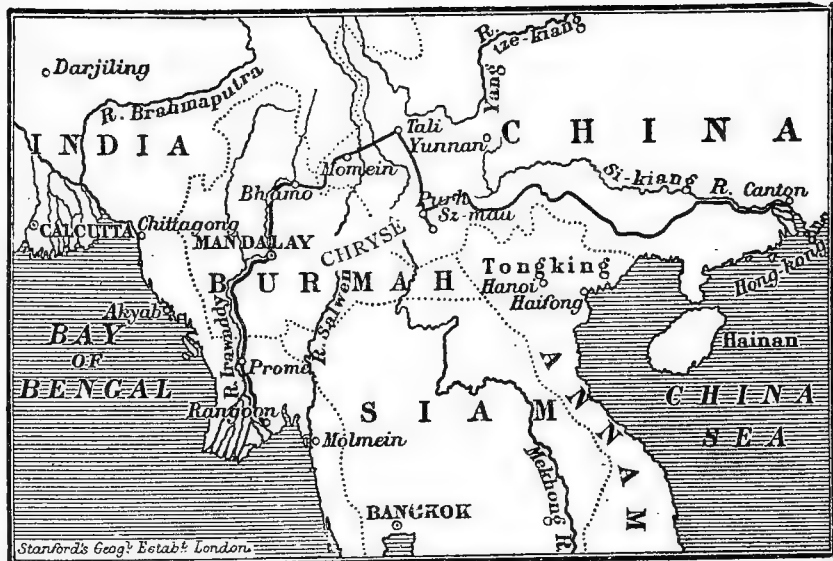
A gunboat was told off to accompany us and see after our safety. It did not seem a very formidable craft, but it looked trim enough, and had, for a Chinese vessel, very sharp lines, and a tall mast showing that speed was expected of it. The only accommodation on board was a small cabin near the stern, set apart for the captain, a sort of non-commissioned officer of the military contingent. The most prominent things on board were naturally the three cannon which constituted the armament. These were of English manufacture, and one was marked "old," which it certainly was. An antiquarian museum would have been glad to get any one of them. The men were in no uniform, but the boat was tolerably tidy, except for a heap of dried ducks, not by any means charming objects to look at, and great quantities of pork. The captain was a plain-mannered old gentleman of no great culture. His manner was very awkward, and we were quite sorry for him when, on being asked to write down the name of a town ahead, he broke down. Chinese *militaires* do not belong to the literary class. Guard was kept in regular watches, which were timed by the burning of a joss-stick (*shing-tsu* or "fragrant stick"), on which was marked, with black dots, the duration of the watch.

Our proposed route lay up the southern branch of the Si-kiang, or Canton River, to Yunnan, then across South Yunnan to Ssumao, at the south-west corner of China. From that place I intended to make my way through the Shan States by what I might, from information gathered on the way, consider the best route to Burma.

The journey as accomplished by us may be divided into two parts, viz. (1) The Canton River, and (2) Yunnan.

The Canton River we found might be made, with slight improvements in the channel, navigable for 400 miles above Canton, for light draught steamers of about four feet, though none are allowed to ply. In the upper portion, numerous gorges and rapids of a very fierce character prevent navigation, except for shallow boats such as ours, drawing some two feet. The river is one of most unusual beauty, and a visit would well repay the artist or geologist. Many of these scenes have appeared in the pages of *The Graphic*, and have shown the great variety of scenery. These views were all from sketches by my late companion, Charles Wahab. The main features of the journey through the provinces of Kwang-tung and Kwang-si, through which we passed were (i.) the insecurity of the river against robbers, (ii.) the marked animosity of the people towards foreigners, and (iii.) the numerous fine cities fast falling into decay. The river is considered so dangerous that a cordon of so-called gunboats patrol it, but can hardly be said to afford any security.

The hatred towards Western folks was shown in the hooting of the people, the cries of *Fan-qui-lo* (foreign devil) and the collection of mobs wherever we landed: and, finally, in the issuing of a proclamation offering 200 taels, equivalent to about 60*l.*, for each of our heads. This, in face of the fact that we were accompanied by gunboats, which the Government had courteously ordered to escort us, speaks volumes. It was with difficulty that we got the boatmen to proceed. We had to adopt complete Chinese costume, even to the pigtail, and confine ourselves to the *Ho-tau*, or "river ferry," in order to efface ourselves as much as possible, and escape attracting notice. A proof of the unfriendly attitude of the population of these provinces is that no missionary, whether Roman Catholic priest or English, has dared as yet to attempt settling in

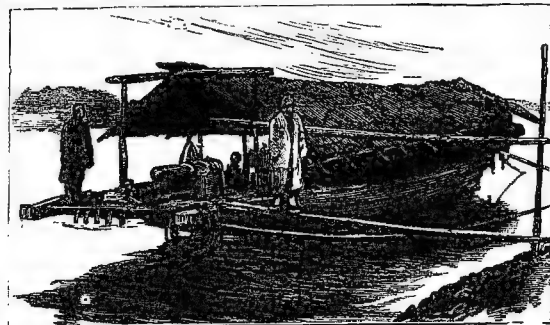


INDEX MAP OF INDO-CHINA

Showing the Route from Canton to Rangoon followed by ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN, Executive Engineer, Indian Public Works Department, F.R.G.S., A.M. Inst. C.E.

these parts, although they are found in all the province northwards. Those who know the China missionaries can answer for it that they fear nothing within the limits of prudence!

The ruined cities, with the remains of once magnificent *yamens* or official residences, courts, temples, and guildhalls, prove incontestably the former affluence of these cities. Whence did this prosperity come? Not from the provinces themselves, for Kwang-si, at any rate, is a poor and mountainous province. It came entirely from



A GUN-BOAT STATION

the important carrying traffic from Yunnan, driven by the late Mahomedan rebellion northwards to the Yang-tze river, and is a proof how rich the province of Yunnan must have been to support so important a river traffic. The province of Kwang-tung is much richer and more thickly peopled than Kwang-si, which is very mountainous, with the cultivable area small and the people intensely poor. Nevertheless there is much of interest still to be seen. The great number of pagodas and temples which we passed on the Canton River was remarkable, and denoted not only a spiritual activity, but a considerable amount of affluence amongst the people.



OUR HEAD INTERPRETER

What was more curious than the existence of such religious structures was the fact that we saw not a few under construction, and several which bore evidence of having been lately completed. The pagodas are mostly polygonal in shape, and some seven or nine tiers in height.

Another interesting sight on the lower parts of the river was the numbers of *hwa-tings*, or "flower-boats." As their fair occupants are never made up till the evening,—when their day commences—we saw them *en dishabille*, lolling in the doorways, and lounging about, minus all their paint and toggery, of which they carry an incredible amount when in evening dress. They looked anything but the "fatal beauties" of Chinese poetry, which they have the reputation of being. The Chinese flower-boats are similar in structure to our *Ho-tau*. They are beautifully and richly decorated, but the artistes—the young ladies afore-mentioned—though some of them are not wanting in good looks, and with a gracious manner of their own—are very illiterate, and are incapable of reading and writing, far less of improvising poetry, as they used to do at one time. A few such still may be found in the north to this day, I am told. Dinners in these boats, with music after, songs being sung to

the accompaniment of the guitar and two-stringed fiddle, are favourite amusements with not only the *jeunesse dorée*, but with men of altogether a different stamp. Only the utter insipidity of Chinese home life could drive any one with any mind to such ladies' society in these flower-



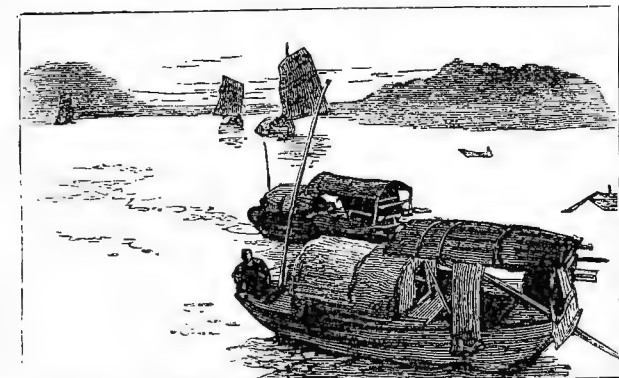
INTERIOR OF OUR BOAT

boats, where the only variation from the round of songs and childish *badinage* is a turn at that most imbecile of games, *morra*, so common in Italy, the *micare digitis* of the Romans. The whole is but a sorry "survival" of the institution as it existed during the palmy days of the dynasty which may be called the Elizabethan age of Chinese history, namely, the T'ang-ming hwang. All the intellect and spirit of the former institution has gone, and there remains only a debauchery of music allied to an *abandon* of manner in these "floating palaces laden with flowers." Some of them have pretty names—for instance, "Snow-flower," and four linked together "Four walls of flowers."

Before we had gone far up the river we found it wise to adopt the Chinese dress to escape the attention and hostility which our "foreign devil's" clothes drew upon us. It took us a little time to get accustomed to the metamorphosis, but eventually we carried ourselves as if to the manner born. The dress consisted of a pair of peculiarly loose white or blue cotton drawers, over which we drew a pair of silk salmon or yellow gaiters, high in front and low behind, tied round the ankle, producing the far from picturesque effect of "bottomless breeches," as Carlyle calls them. To these were added Chinese stockings and shoes; a long blue coat like a nightgown, tied at the side and acting as overcoat to a white jacket, and over all this a loose, short-padded silk coat, with a collar which might be worn turned up or down. Crowning all was a skull-cap, called by the

Chinese a "cup-shaped hat," to the under side of which was fastened the indispensable emblem of the Chinaman, the queue, or pig-tail. To guard us against the sun, we had huge straw hats, thirty inches in diameter, which were heavy, and by no means to be preferred to the Solah-topee, or the Indian turban. Our skipper, Captain Chow, was greatly pleased to see that the passing boatmen or villagers on the bank did not trouble themselves to turn round to look at us. Previously the amount of notice we had attracted had greatly disturbed him, and the greater the curiosity the greater his uneasiness. Now, however, he chuckled to think that his countrymen failed to recognise in the two sedate elderly sons of Han, sitting on his deck with instruments concealed from view, the two "wild foreign devils" whom it was his remunerative, but dangerous, duty to convey up the river!

Our evening rest was the pleasantest part of the day, notwithstanding that the cabin, with its litter of maps, books, surveying instruments, and other paraphernalia, was not exactly so easy a lounge as might without sybaritism have been claimed by travellers wearied



A RIVERSIDE PAGODA

CANTON RIVER BOATS

with a whole day's work in surveying and taking notes. Nor was our work rendered easier by the crowds of pushing, stumbling, peering villagers, whose curiosity was perpetually on tenter-hooks to know what we were doing, especially when the camera came into play. Writing up our journals of course took up much of our time at night, but what Artemus Ward calls the "frugal pipe" was the portion of the evening looked forward to, or back to, with much delight.

Our *cuisine* would, I fear, have hardly recommended itself to Western travellers. Pork in various forms is naturally the chief delight of the Chinese cook. Stewed pork, roast pork, pork

sausages (terrible things they are), and pig's foot *gelle*, are apt to pall upon the uncultured Western palate. We had a hard struggle with our *chef* on this point, but eventually he gave way so far as to vary pork with dried duck and salt eggs. *Pi-tan*, or sulphuretted eggs, we managed to escape. Nevertheless, Chinese food is by no means the horrible stuff Englishmen usually believe. It need not be urged that puppy dog, cat, and rat do not form items in the Chinaman's daily menu. Except for the terrible amount of pork, we were by no means so very badly off, though *sweetened pork-fat patties* are a trial to an appetite that has not got a very keen edge to it!

The people of Kwang-tung are mostly Chinese proper, known in the south as Cantonese, and speaking in the Cantonese dialect; but in Kwang-si the aboriginal people predominate, especially away from the cities lying along the river bank, and a Cantonese cannot understand their dialect; our Cantonese interpreter could not understand the people of Nan-ning, for instance. The provincial dialects differ so much, indeed, that they may, for practical purposes, be called distinct languages.

On our journey up the Canton River we had a good opportunity of witnessing the cormorant fishing, which has always seemed so ingenious a contrivance of the Chinese. In one case the fishermen proved to be not Chinamen, but aborigines from near Kuei-chow, in the south-east corner of Yunnan. These men had come down by an affluent to the main stream at Pê-sê, and were encamped for a fishing season of a few months. These fishermen were quite different in appearance from the ordinary population of "the two Kwangs." They carried themselves erect, had straight noses, such as would have been counted good in Europe, high



IN CHINESE DISGUISE—200 TAELS ON OUR HEADS!

cheek-bones, and most of them slight moustaches, with a chin tuft. Their bearing was fine, and not without a little *hauteur*, though they were very frank and good-natured to us. Not a few of them had hair which was quite brown, and not much darker than our own. They wore the *queue*, but coiled round the head under a turban. While the second interpreter, Tin-chai, and I were engaging them in conversation, my friend Wahab occupied himself in the most artless way, by photographing them, under the ostensible plea of fixing his eye and his instrument upon a most uninteresting knoll in the background. Having been photographed without their knowledge, the men were, we found, quite ready to show us their mode of fishing. At a sign from the head-man each individual took two cormorants out of the large wicker cages in which they were kept, and these birds forthwith of their own accord hopped on to the gunwales of their masters' boat, and there remained, making a most horrible croaking sound, possibly indicating hunger, and no doubt rendered unnaturally unmelodious by the piece of string tied round the neck of each bird to prevent it from swallowing the captured fish. The canoes were made each of three thin planks, sewed together with rattans, and with a butt-end plank at bow and stern. They were propelled against the stream by means of a length of common bamboo used as a paddle. These made a great deal of splashing, and a succession of loud cries by the men served as an additional attraction to the fish. The birds forthwith dispersed themselves over the surface of the water, and at the same time nets were let out from the canoes to afford an additional chance of catching fish. The cormorants are perfectly trained and, when after a dive they have secured a fish,

come readily at the call of their masters, whom they seem to be able to recognise perfectly. No strings (except round the neck) are fastened to them, and even the lure used to bring back falcons seems to be unneeded with the cormorant. After a good capture of fish the birds are rewarded with the smaller fish, and with a portion of bean-curd.

At the navigation limit of the Canton River, Pê-sê or Pak-shik, we left our *Ho-tau* or river boat, and began arrangements for our overland march. Here we met with a most serious misfortune, which went near to prevent our further progress. Our head interpreter—a highly cultivated gentleman who spoke English and German admirably, and who quoted Alfred de Musset—turned out to be by no means adapted for exploration work. He complained of want of courtesy on my part; but the fact was that the nearer he came to the difficulties the less he liked them. We had never counted on his



Mr. Wahab Mr. Colquhoun

AN EVENING REST

courage or his devotion, but we had thought that he would be ashamed to turn his back upon us!

The sight of the Yunnan Hills, and the stories which the people we met told him of the hardships and dangers of Yunnan travel, were enough to decide him that he could not go on. The result naturally was that the second interpreter and servants refused to proceed, and all were for a return to Canton. Here was a cruel position. Persuasion was useless. However, the second interpreter and servants were surprised when they found that we arranged for mules, coolies, and guide all the same; and I announced that, as they did not intend to come, we should alter our route and go to the capital, Yunnan-fu, to invite the assistance of the Roman Catholic missionaries. When they saw we were determined to go forward, they agreed to follow us *anywhere*. From that day I obtained a mastery over them, which had been wanting before. The gentleman, however, who quoted Alfred de Musset declined to accompany us—not to our exceeding depression, I must confess.

At Pê-sê we were fortunate in obtaining the photograph of the Prefect, and not only of him, but of General Li-hsin-kü and his wife. It is, I believe, altogether unprecedented for a man of the General's rank to allow his wife to be photographed. Usually they are not alluded to, even to the



CORMORANT FISHERS

extent of a modest inquiry as to their health. Even though most Chinamen are *very much* married there are but few traces of females about any man's house. The wife, when referred to at all, which happens as seldom as possible, is pleasantly styled "my dull thorn," or "the thorn in my ribs," or "the mean one of the inner rooms," all of which terms make it the greater mark of congratulation that we should have got the likeness. Children similarly are styled "insects" or "worms," in the sense of insignificant trifles, or, as we say, chits. It somewhat startles an European at first when, in answer to the inquiry as to

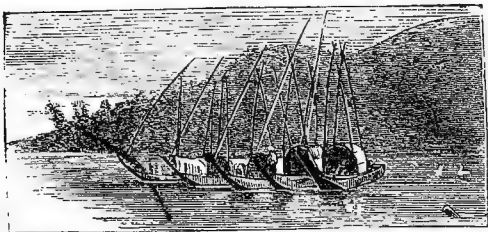
how many children his host has, he is told, "The Fates have been unkind to me in granting me only one little insect." Li-hsin-kü, in addition to his enlightened views in the matter of photography, is also personally interesting as having been the second in command of the Chinese army which overwhelmed the Chinese Mahomedans at Tali. He lost an ear on that occasion—his left. This, he informed us, was lost in the wars, and he naturally plumed himself on the personal daring which it seemed to indicate. Candid friends, however, told us what we believe to be the true story, namely that he was in command of reserves advancing on Tali. General Tsen, the officer in supreme command, ordered him to "hurry" up as rapidly as possible. Li-hsin-kü, unfortunately, failed to come up to the generalissimo's idea of great speed, and, as a reminder to use greater expedition in the future, had his left ear cropped off by order of his superior. If it were not for his malicious friends the general's credit for daring would no doubt be unassailable!

The Prefect of Pê-sê, a good specimen of the educated Chinese gentleman, was a most courtly personage. Chinese etiquette is a terrible matter to Westerners. Even Lord Chesterfield would have been mere babe and suckling in this land of ceremony and polite deportment. I was not a little startled when the Prefect asked us



THE PREFECT OF PÊ-SÊ "AT HOME"

whether we could tell by our instruments the geomantic influences of any place! On my confessing that we Westerns did not believe in geomancy, I could read the thought in his face. It said, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in

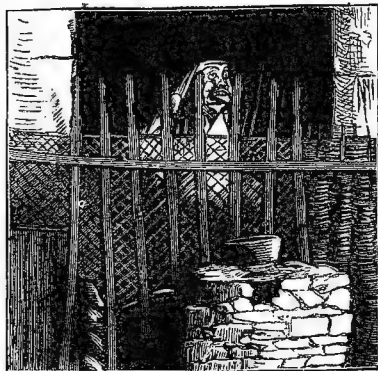


A FLEET OF CANOES, ANCHORED CLOSE TO RAPID

your philosophy." When I added to my confession of utter ignorance of the art of geomancy the admission that I was not married, I could see that I had sunk for ever in the Prefect's opinion!

On leaving Pê-sé, before commencing our land journey, we had to spend two days in canoes. The river had now become a hill stream with a heavy fall, its bed being a succession of rapids. The strength of these may be guessed from the fact that the drop of the river in these two days' journey was greater than the whole fall in the river between Pê-sé and Canton. We had literally to fight our way up these rapids. Each canoe has three boatmen, but no attempt is made to pass a rapid unless a small fleet of some six to twelve boats can join together, so that the collected crews can take up boat after boat on their way up the river.

On the 18th of March we ascended the mountainous plateau of Yunnan, and entered upon a new country and a new life. With ten mules and some eighteen porters we commenced, *en grand seigneur* as compared with later on, our march to the south-west of Yunnan. This march, some forty stages according to the muleteers, was executed with only some few days' halt, and was a somewhat trying one, though brimful of interest. We journeyed on foot, as much for the purpose of economy as for enabling us to carry on surveying operations uninterruptedly.



OPIUM SMEARED GOD

housing is often hardly inferior to that supplied for the traveller. The animals are generally stabled down below round a courtyard, while above the muleteers and wayfarers find accommodation. Our first experiences of the discomfort and dirt of Yunnan travel, which passes description, rather put us out; but we soon learnt to accustom ourselves to anything, and we had the most varied experiences later on of all sorts of sleeping quarters, indeed I might almost say sleeping partners. I shall never forget one night when a pig would insist upon sleeping with our second interpreter! Cattle sheds, granaries, stables, open huts were patronised by us, and we felt grateful for the shelter. We found the vermin—bad as they were—less trying than we expected, owing to the supply of the strongest carbolic soap which we had with us.

Yunnan forms an extensive uneven highland plateau in which the main ranges have a trend north and south. Between these ranges, which vary in height from twelve to seventeen thousand feet in the north, to seven or eight in the south, are numerous deep defiles, through which run some of the largest rivers of Indo-China. Amongst these the most notable are the Mekong or Cambodia, the Salween, and the Shwéli. Except in the cities the mass of the people is made up of a number of aboriginal tribes, such as the Lolo, Pai, and Miao, &c., who have a distinct character and physiognomy. But even in the cities the Chinese type has been affected by these aboriginal tribes. Amongst them we found a kind-hearted hospitality and frankness of character. They are poorer than the Chinese, and both men and women cultivate the soil and rear cattle. The women do not crush their feet as the Chinese do; they are blithe and gay—an agreeable contrast to their Chinese sisters. They wear a variety of picturesque costumes, which constantly change as you pass from township to township.

Notwithstanding the richness of the country, there is hardly any trade. This is partly due to the late Mahomedan rebellion and the plague which followed it. But these are not the only causes, I believe. *The true reason lies in the want of communication.* Not only is there an absence of any trade approach from without, but intercommunication within the province, between town and town, is rendered practically impossible by the absence of good roads, which makes carriage by mule or pony so expensive.

The ill-effects of opium were chiefly made apparent to us through our close intercourse with the people on the march, in the inn, or in some peasant's house. At Tali-fu we came across a curious practice in connection with opium. At one of the temples we found one of the gods—a hideous figure standing close by the doorway—with his face, especially the mouth, besmeared with opium. The devotees had thoughtfully placed the fascinating drug, ready for use, on the lips of one of their favourite idols!

The population of Yunnan—a difficult matter to arrive at—is probably not less than four millions, having sunk to that figure from fifteen millions through the devastations of the civil war and the plague. The province is now, however, with order fully restored, slowly but surely recovering itself.

Tea is usually drunk by the people of South and South-Western Yunnan, but in Kwang-si and parts of Kwang-tung they drink mainly hot water. It is not only the peasantry who drink hot water, as we learnt to our cost! In the south and south-west of Yunnan we always found the Shan tea drunk by every one. But west of Tali we made our first acquaintance with hot water as a beverage. We were met by a petty police mandarin on the roadside, where seats and a table with cups was arranged. Heated and wearied, when we had seated ourselves, we watched with eagerness the approach of his man-servant bearing the cups. Our feelings may be guessed when we discovered that the cups contained *hot water*!

The celebrated so-called Puerh tea, which comes from the Shan country, some five days south of the China frontier, we found being conveyed by numerous caravans to the Yang-tze, for export to Peking and the northern provinces. At Ssumao we actually met caravans of Kutsung, or Thibetans, who had come for the poorest class of this tea. *A few years hence I make bold to predict this will be shipped from Rangoon to the China ports and elsewhere!*

The prefectural cities are rectangular, and walled after the manner of Chinese cities, but the walls would be useless against European arms. Each of these cities had a *Chen-tai*, or brigadier-general, who was supposed to keep a thousand soldiers at headquarters, and others throughout the district. These thousand men were never to be seen, and our inquiries about them were received with a smile. We were informed, however, that the pay of the troops was drawn with the greatest regularity!

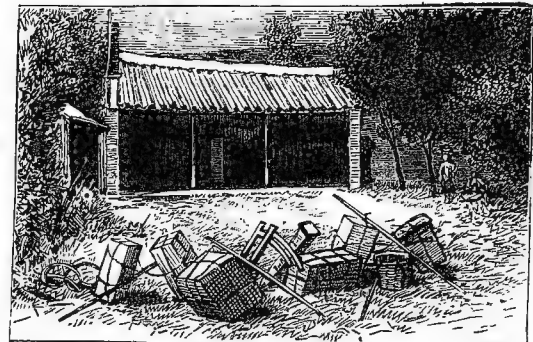
In Yunnan we found, though there were hardly any pagodas in the south, a number of handsome temples. Many of these were fast falling into disrepair, while alongside these fine and costly edifices we found others in course of erection. The Chinese seem never to *repair* anything, and we nowhere saw any religious or other building being renewed. Much the same holds good throughout Indo-China. Instances of this are seen everywhere throughout the length and breadth of Siam and Burma. The practice of allowing everything to fall into decay is due, no doubt, to the fact that all merit of repair would go to the original founder!

Every now and then we came across a market-town, or village, where we found the aboriginal tribes gathered, making purchases, often by barter. On such a day, which occurs every five or seven days usually, the main street presents an animated and picturesque appearance. It was in such places that we had an opportunity of sketching or photographing the aborigines and their quaint costumes. The dresses of the women often strongly resemble those of the Normandy, Tyrol, and Italian peasantry. We found the women good-natured, though rather shy.

On our march through the south of Yunnan to Ssumao we found the officials inundating us with attentions. We were met outside the walls, and underwent all the wearisome *convenances* of Chinese official society. As we were not what are called in China *Ta-jen*, "great men," and certainly did not look the part in our torn flannel shirts and broken shoes, these honours almost made us blush for ourselves. At Ssumao, however, these attentions ceased, and the mandarin there was particularly rude. On the following day, when we wanted to go forward, not a man would move, and no explanation was offered; pressure had evidently been brought to bear on the men which prevented their going on. We later learnt that the reason of the

men refusing to go forward was that they had been told that, if they did, they would *probably die*! As soon as it became clear that it was impossible to go forward, and that this important part of the journey must be abandoned, there was nothing for it but to turn northwards and try to get into Burma by some other route. We

therefore decided on marching straight north to Tali, and there regaining the regular route travelled by Margary, Gill, and others. I need scarcely say what a keen and bitter disappointment it was not being able to get forward to Zimmé. We were within some twenty-four days' march of that place, and my heart was set upon getting there. It was one of the most bitter pangs that I ever experienced in my lifetime. Here we gained the valuable intelligence that *the Shan States are now entirely independent.* The

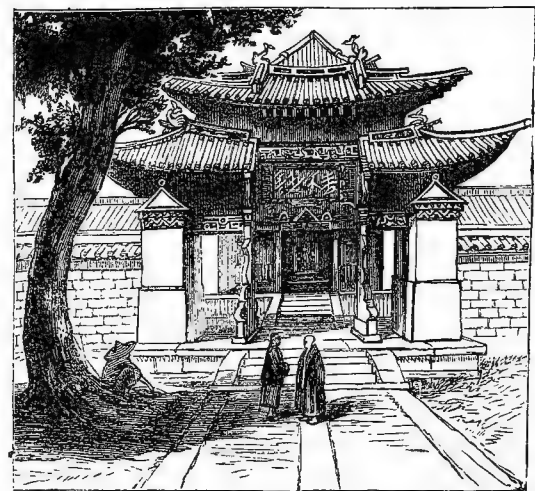


A "MA-TIEN," OR STABLE INN

Chinese Mandarin who resided at Kiang-Hung was withdrawn six years ago. The Burmese residents in that and other Shan States were forced to retire within the last year or two. Tribute was no longer paid either to China or Burma. This intelligence was fully corroborated on my arrival at Mandalay.

The important question of trade and trade-routes I have alluded to in my paper read before the Geographical Society, and have discussed at length in a paper specially prepared for the London Chamber of Commerce. It is enough here to state that I believe the development of the Shan country, by railway communication, *per se* will yield great results, and will secure to us the trade of the richest part of Yunnan, namely, the south-west and west.

The Chinese tried to persuade us to go back the way we had come, but we would not do so. On leaving Ssumao we passed fine fertile valleys and magnificent cities, partly in ruins, and altogether the whole country showed signs of great former prosperity. The march up the valley of the Papien River was a charming one. A cart-road might be made with little difficulty, and at no deterrent expense. In this part especially, but also through the south, most of the muleteers were of Mahomedan descent, and recognisable as such. They trade with all parts of the Shan country, even to Zimmé.



INTERIOR OF A TEMPLE AT TALAN, SOUTH YÜNNAN

The difficulties through which we carried our photographs, and the narrow escapes they had, were innumerable. One of these may be told. We were following the side of the Taping River, on a narrow path which slipped. In went one of the mules, in front of me, and lucky it was that I was there. Shouting to the men, who did nothing, I saw there was no time to be lost, for this very mule carried in its pack all our dry-plate photographs. It was a time for action! I seized the nearest Chinaman by the pig-tail, and *swung him into the river*. The result was that, as soon as he found himself in the water, he raised the pack, and our photographs were saved!

The discovery of this fertile and beautiful region—for it may fairly be termed a discovery—was some compensation for our late disappointment. The only thing that marred the journey was the illness of Charles Wahan, who had to be carried nearly the whole way to Tali, a march of twenty-one days. He had been unwell on the latter part of the journey to Ssumao, and at that place he was completely knocked up. Any traveller who has been placed in similar circum-



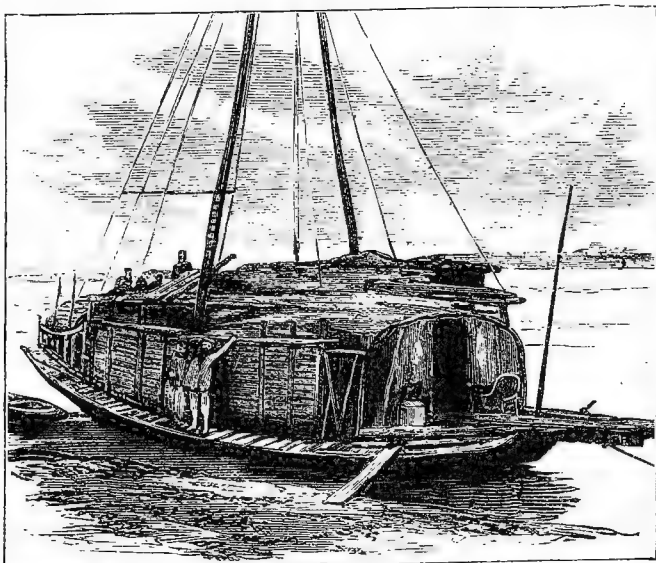
MID-DAY HALT

stances can realise what a harassing position mine was. The preter and two servants refused to proceed unless sur-



MAIN STREET OF A MARKET TOWN, SOUTH YÜNNAN

Amongst our new experiences in the highlands was the variety of lodgings which we used after the day's march. Sometimes it was a Joss-house or temple, the use of which was allowed us by the



THE "HO-TAU"

mandarins, or some hospitable peasant's hut or cottage, but often a "ma-tien," or "stable inn." These "ma-tiens" are hostleries where accommodation is provided for man as well as beast. There is a large caravan traffic throughout Yunnan, notwithstanding the terrible state of the roads, and mules and ponies—the animals of burden employed—are valuable. Perhaps for this reason their

chairs. I had so far to give way as to procure them ponies or mules, while I trudged on foot. In this way my last coin was spent on the day we entered Tali-fu.

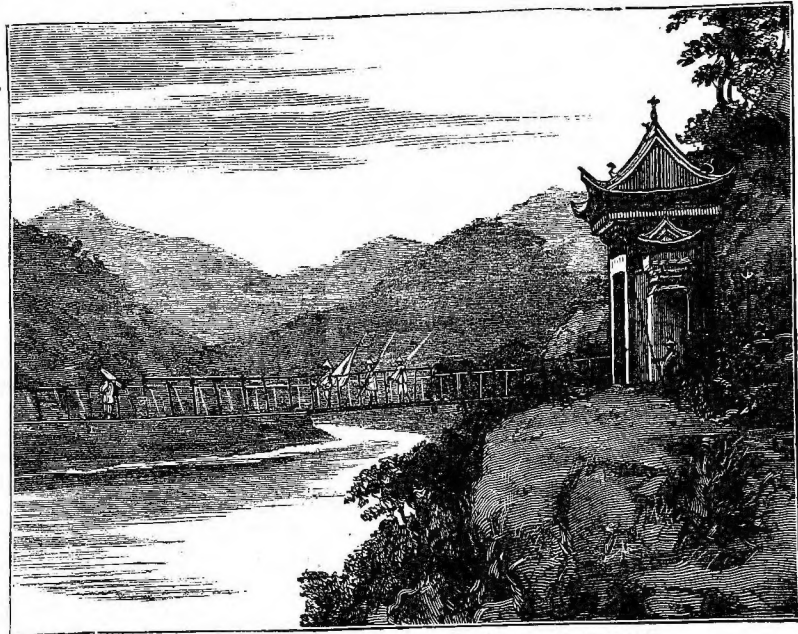
On the western side of Yunnan, we found a strong impress of Mahomedan times. The rebellion and plague had inflicted cruel ruin in this quarter, the Mahomedan stronghold. Both the cities and villages bore marks of Mahomedan architecture; the houses were substantially built, and were ornamented with taste, and in one place we found a Moulvie teaching children prayers from the Koran. Although the plague was reported to be raging, and I believe was bad, I only met one instance of it. In the valley of King-tong, on the side of the main road, I came across a man seemingly ill. On examining him I found he was dead. Turning round, imagine my feelings when I discovered that the whole of my followers had made a detour of some 200 yards. Each man, with his sleeve to his nose, was looking at me with an air of surprised curiosity! On reaching Tali, my companion was very ill, and on entering the city we were delighted to find a missionary (Mr. Clarke) and his wife, who received us with the greatest kindness, and expended an amount of nursing on my companion which was truly wonderful. In about a week Charles Wahab had partly recovered, and we then began to make arrangements for our journey from Tali to Bhamo. If it had been the caravan season, it would have been comparatively easy, but at that time of the year there was no one travelling. However, Mr. Clarke assisted us very much, and got a Mahomedan of Tali to agree to take us to Bhamo for a sum of money. He seemed to be a man of considerable courage, and was known for his services in the late war.

Throughout the south we encountered a great number of natural bridges, in addition to the fine stone structures erected by the Chinese masons over most of the smaller streams. The larger rivers are spanned by iron suspension bridges. One of these, over the Papien River, is shown. The subterranean passages are generally found in limestone formations. In one place where we were told that a river which we had been following for some time came, as the natives said, "out of the mountain," we crossed by one of these bridges, a wall of rock which seemed to close the stream. We could find no signs of the river nor where it found its exit, until we had gone on some further distance, when we rediscovered the stream running through a small valley in much the same volume as down below.

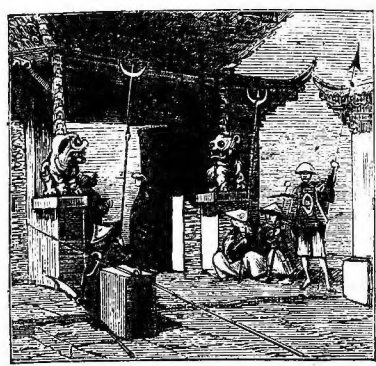
It seems a curious fact that during the whole of our land march we saw no traces of game except a few pheasants, a couple of deer,

party would soon follow us, and sure enough the same evening up they all came! We retraced our steps to Chu-Tung, on our way to Tali, and on arriving there we came across one of the Roman Catholic priests whom we had previously met. Pere Vial had already formed the intention of trying to visit Bhamo, and had received the assent of his superior. As soon as he heard of our difficulties, although the season made the journey a most difficult and trying one, he volunteered for the duties of interpreter and came with us. It is hardly necessary to say how thankful we were for this assistance. After that we had no other difficulties, except physical ones,

culty of any sort. I particularly asked him about the disturbances which we had heard of on the frontier, and he said that the Kachyens were always killing each other. Next morning he left early, and we then learned all about the new road and the disturbances. Luckily for us, the head men of Manwyne were on very bad terms with Li-si-tai, and they opened our eyes to the real state of affairs. It appeared that the opening of the new road had roused the Kachyens, who found that they were losing their former income derived from the caravan traffic. The Government therefore sent down Li-si-tai, as they always did send him, to settle such matters and not to return till matters were arranged. He pretended to meet the wishes of the Kachyens, and asked their three principal chiefs to pay him a visit. These men foolishly went to an entertainment to ratify the treaty, and were at once arrested. Two were decapitated, and their heads exhibited in the Manwyne bazaar, while at the same time the old road was kept closed to traffic. This accounted for the disturbances. A vendetta was declared by the Kachyens on this route against all comers from China. As the headman of Manwyne expressively told us, "it would be certain death to go three miles up the hillside from Manwyne." After leaving Mancoyne, the frontier town, we proceeded to Bhamo, having to make a long detour, where our difficulties were at an end. During the last twelve days we suffered terribly from privation and exposure. We commenced our overland march with some ten mules and twenty porters. We crossed into Burmah with



A BRIDGE OVER THE PAPIEN RIVER, WEST YÜNNAN



APPROACH TO BRIDGE, PAPIEN RIVER

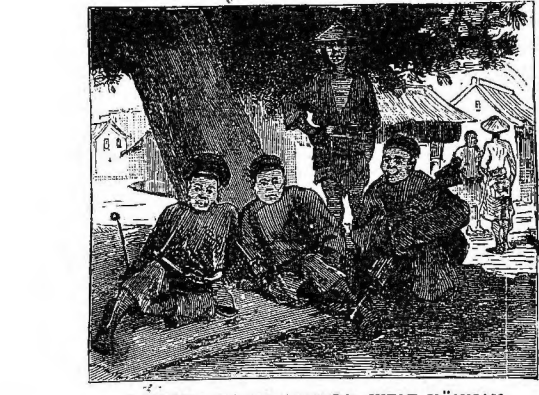
until we got to Manwyne, the last town on the Chinese border. Brigandage was rife throughout Yunnan after the late Mahomedan rebellion, but the country has been brought into comparative security by the drastic measures of the mandarin rulers. Occasionally, however, "dacoity," or gang-robbery, still occurs, and in crossing the plain of Yungch'ang (the Vocian of Marco Polo) we came upon an evidence of this in the repulsive sight of a felon's head. Throughout China, after decapitation, the head of the culprit is sent to the place where the crime was committed, and there exhibited as a terror to evil-doers. The head smeared with

four mules and four men. Our guns and Chinese dresses and everything that was heavy or valuable we left behind either at Tali or Manwyne, as we considered the absence of valuables, especially fire-arms, would give us greater security amongst the Kachyens, who are a race of banditti. In Yunnanese bamboo hats, and sandals or shoes, torn flannel shirts, and variegated trousers tied round the ankles, we presented an appearance more quaint than respectable. An indication of what we looked like may be gathered from the remark of an American friend, a missionary at Bhamo, who expressed the opinion, "I never saw three such first-class loafers in all my life!"

At Bhamo we were received with the greatest kindness by Mr. Stevenson, of the China Inland Mission, who shared with us his food, his clothing, and every halfpenny which he had in his purse! We had then only to get on board one of the river steamers, and so down to Mandalay. At Mandalay we spent three days, much against our will. Some anxiety was evinced by the Burmese as to what our object had been in crossing China, but they of course did not believe one word of what was told them, the simple truth. Here I was amongst a people whom I knew well. There were my old Burmese friends, the pagodas, the pariah dogs, the cheeroot and cigarette-smoking women and children, the "pooays," or plays. There also was the festival cart ready to convey me to the "pooay," if I had been so minded. It carried me back to happy days, years ago, when I had sat out many a Burman drama! A few more days on board ship and we reached Rangoon, where we found ourselves amongst old friends, and were accorded a reception such as Englishmen all over the world know so well how to give.



A PANELLING IN THE TEMPLE AT TALAN



A GROUP OF MULETEERS, WEST YÜNNAN

and literally one wild pig! In this respect we had expected to find the country very different, but we could neither see nor hear that any large game existed in Yunnan, either in the south or in the west, as far north as Tali. When we made inquiries, the mandarins and others invariably placed the site of large game in the neighbourhood of the



A FELON'S HEAD

animal is reported to have had the head of a horse and the body of a bear.

The journey from Tali to Bhamo usually takes twenty days, which, executed during heavy rains, is no pleasure trip; it took us forty-five days. Eight days after leaving Tali we passed two Roman Catholic priests. On reaching a place called Yung-Chang we found that, owing to the behaviour of our interpreter, who had made friends with the muleteer, it was inadvisable and dangerous to go on further with them. The interpreter was anxious to solicit the protection and safeguard of Li-si-tai. This mandarin, who was conspicuous in the Margary business, had opened a new road from Yung-Chang to Bhamo, which took eight days longer than the other, and I knew this was not done for nothing. These two men—the interpreter and muleteer—pressed me to decide whether I would go by the old or the new road. They did this in order that when we got to the frontier we might not be able to go forward, as



A TABLET INDICATING POISONOUS WATER

the real difficulty was at the frontier, and then the interpreter and muleteer would have been able to chain payment according to the agreement. We therefore decided to go back to Tali and get rid of the interpreter. The muleteers refused to give the mules to go back, there were no others to be had, we started by ourselves, with a stick each, all our silver in our pockets, and the clothes. My knowledge of Asiatics led me to believe that the



AN INTERVIEW WITH THE NOTORIOUS LI-SI-TAI

lime, with the long "pigtail," presented a horrible spectacle. It elicited from our Chinese followers bursts of laughter. Anything pitiable or horrible seemed to touch their peculiar sense of humour! Amongst the useful works which it astonished us to find in Yunnan were several stone tablets which we found erected at the sides of streams, warning the wayfarer not to drink of the water, as it was deadly. This betokened an amount of civilisation in this out-of-the-way part of China which surprised us greatly. Goitre was common in certain parts of Yunnan, and seemingly where the limestone predominated.

Manwyne was the scene of Mr. Margary's murder, and the story is well-known through western Yunnan. The story is that the murder was executed by special orders from the local government. The man who carried it out was the famous Li-si-tai, who was at one time a well-known brigand on the borders, and was bought over by the Chinese Government, as these men usually are, by promises of position and high rank. I was particularly anxious not to meet this man. We had, however, received a letter of introduction to him from one of the Roman Catholic Missionaries near Tali, and as the servants knew of the letter information of it was sure to be carried to Li-si-tai. We therefore sent our cards over to him, and almost immediately—contrary to Chinese etiquette—which requires the stranger to make the first visit, he called on us. On being asked what was the state of the road, he said that it was in very much the same condition as usual. The season made travelling unpleasant, but there was no special diffi-



A BURMESE FESTIVAL CART

aborigines, street scenes, and temples, river and hill scenery, have all been secured by the aid of the camera. In addition to these there are many sketches by my late companion, and some by myself.

A. R. Colquhoun

THE NEW "PALACE OF JUSTICE"

THE building in the Strand which is to serve the purposes of the Royal Courts of Justice has at length been opened by Her Majesty. We confess that we don't quite like the name which has been bestowed upon this edifice, or series of edifices, and should not be surprised if the public adhered to the less pretentious but more English title of "The Law Courts."

Formerly most of these Courts of Law were attached to the ancient "Palace of Westminster," which was for many centuries the residence of our monarchs, and the building of which they formed part has retained its name down to our time, although it has ceased to be a Royal residence; but the new building in the Strand can claim no such distinction, and the name, "Palace of Justice," is simply an unsatisfactory translation from the French which sounds strange to English ears, because the word "Palace," in this country, has always been employed to designate the residence of a member of the Royal family or of a Bishop. Of late years, it is true, the word has been perjured as an attractive adjunct to the names of Exhibition buildings, and even of less dignified institutions. Thus we have "Crystal Palaces," "Coffee Palaces," "Gin Palaces," &c., but this is such an evident misuse of the word that one regards it rather as a joke than anything else. In the case, however, of the "Palace of Justice," we fear a most unfortunate and un-English use of the word will be introduced, and before long we shall hear of the Admiralty being called "The Palace of Maritime Affairs," the Bank of England "The Palace of Money," the Post Office "The Palace of Letters," the Royal Exchange "The Palace of Commerce," all of which would be disfigurements to our language, and a degradation to a word which once bore a distinctly illustrious signification.

The new building for the Courts of Law is undoubtedly one of which we may justly be proud. It possesses many great architectural merits, and will certainly add to the reputation of its talented and lamented architect. It, however, possesses several faults, which were foreseen from the first, and which were positively certain to result from the selection of the present site. The principal faults to which we refer are *want of space* and *want of light*. In fact, directly the present site was selected, a dark and crowded building was a foregone conclusion. From the first we have always in this journal advocated the erection of the Law Courts on the Thames Embankment. No better position for a grand public building could have been suggested. The space was practically unlimited, the lighting could have been arranged without the slightest difficulty, it was out of the way of the noise and crowding of a great thoroughfare, though easy of access from every part of the metropolis, and superb for the display of architectural magnificence. In every one of these particulars the present site is wanting, and what caused its selection it is difficult to conceive, unless we refer it to that fatality which seems inseparable from the positions assigned to all our public buildings lately erected in the Metropolis. How is it that, with the magnificent Thames Embankment left a waste, our Royal Academy should be smothered in between two other buildings, our London University fronting into a small street, our Record Office in a dirty slum, and our Natural History Museum in a suburb?

When we find fault with the crowding and want of light and space in the new building of the Law Courts, we do not for a moment blame the architect for these defects. The fact is, he had to erect a building upon a space which was insufficient for the purpose, and the only method of lighting was by means of "well courts," an arrangement which is never satisfactory in the dark atmosphere of our metropolis.

The notion that the particular style of architecture selected has anything to do with the matter is quite erroneous. The Gothic style of the fourteenth century allows of windows being placed in every possible situation, and does not limit their size or shape, whereas in the Renaissance and classical styles the proportions and positions of the windows are almost fixed by rule.

The selection of the present site also forced the architect to break up his building into a number of groups, instead of designing a grand continuous *façade*. He knew that the whole front could never be seen from any one point of view, and, therefore, a symmetrical composition would have failed to meet the wants of the case, so he subdivided the edifice into a series of picturesque groups which present themselves, one after the other, as the spectator walks along the Strand. This naturally led to the building being studied rather in detail than as a whole, and here the late Mr. Street was thoroughly at home, for there is scarcely a turret, or a doorway, or a window, or a piece of vaulting, a capital, or a base which is not exquisitely designed, and most carefully executed. It must not be supposed that we mean to infer that the building is devoid of grandeur, far from it. The central hall and the principal entrance are singularly dignified. It has been remarked that the style is too ecclesiastical, but we cannot see that this is a fault, because the surroundings and usages of our law courts are of themselves strongly tinged with ecclesiastical reminiscences—the very expressions used in legal proceedings are ecclesiastical Latin, a language unknown to Cicero, and which would have shocked Bentley and the Scaligers! The dress again of the barrister is anything but secular, even his wig has the little round shaven spot on the crown to represent the tonsure of the priest; and if his language and dress speak of the Church, why should not the building in which he is to plead remind him of the same origin?

If the site of the present building is, as we think, unsuited to its purpose, neither is it particularly interesting from a historical point of view. Although situated in the Strand it does not seem ever to have been occupied by such noble mansions as were to be found in other parts of this once suburban thoroughfare. In early times a chapel dedicated to St. Clement, and a holy well to which pilgrimages were made, occupied a part of its western extremity, and the remains of the latter were discovered in digging the present foundations. We need scarcely say that this holy well gave its name to Holywell Street, and the Chapel of St. Clement was the parent of the present Church of St. Clement Danes. At the end of the last century a gabled house with overhanging storeys and carved corbels was standing here, which went by the name of the Duke de Sully's house, and Dugdale the antiquary lived close by.

The well-known but licentious wit and poet, Charles Sedley, was born in a house which stood upon the site in 1639, and Isaac Bickerstaff, immortalised by Swift, lived here. Towards the eastern extremity of the building stood the notorious "Rogues' Lane," or Shire Lane, which long enjoyed the unenviable reputation of being one of the most pestiferous haunts of vice and filth in the metropolis. A desperate gang of thieves and forgers inhabited this place in the last century; and it is said that the houses had underground passages, trap-doors, and other "conveniences" for carrying on this traffic. A building, called "Cadgers' Hall," formed an appropriate "ornament" to this charming locality! In later times two houses which stood upon the Strand side of the site became famous; in one of them the well-known Mr. T. Holloway manufactured his pills, and laid the foundation of that vast fortune which has enabled him to erect those two magnificent Institutions, "The Sanatorium" and Sunninghill College—the latter absolutely a larger building than the Law Courts!—in another house in the same row the first copy of the *Daily Telegraph* was published and printed. None of these buildings, however, were remarkable for their architectural merits, though some of the houses possessed well-carved doorways and staircases.

As far as historical interest is concerned, our Law Courts must certainly lose by their removal from the glorious associations of Westminster to such a site as this. "Rogues' Lane" and "Cadgers'

Hall" are poor recollections, and form a sad contrast to "The Palace of Westminster," with Richard II.'s magnificent Hall, which once contained that marble throne and bench upon which our Monarchs sat and tried cases in person, thus originating and giving a name to the Court of "King's Bench," and where, some centuries later, the case was reversed, and a Monarch was brought up to be tried by his own subjects.

But unfortunately the removal of the Law Courts was absolutely necessary, and a convenient building, with all modern appliances, even upon the very unromantic site of "Rogues' Lane" and "Cadgers' Hall," is more beneficial to both the lawyers and the public at large than ill-constructed, unhealthy, and insufficient Courts on the site of the Old Palace of Westminster. In fact, the idea of removing the Courts from Westminster and connecting them in some way with those situated at and near Lincoln's Inn is no new one, for so long back as 1840, Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Barry designed a large building for the purpose, which was proposed to be erected upon the Garden of Lincoln's Inn. The plan was, however, abandoned for want of funds; and little was done in behalf of the scheme until the year 1865, when an Act of Parliament was passed empowering the Commissioners to purchase a suitable site, and to erect a building out of funds partly supplied by a million of money taken from what is called the "Suitors' Fund," or, in other words, from "the unclaimed interest due upon stocks standing to the credit of suitors in the Court of Chancery, and partly from certain legal taxes and charges made in other Courts." The foundation-stone of the present building was laid in 1874, Mr. E. G. Street being chosen as Architect, and the contract for building being let to Messrs. Bull Brothers.

The plan has been so thoroughly described in the daily papers, that it is unnecessary to give an account of it here.

We will, however, just notice the fact that the building as at present carried out is deprived of several important features observable in the architect's original plans. We miss, for instance, the noble "Muniment" or "Record Tower," which was to have stood at the west end, and which would have given great dignity to that portion of the edifice. If this had been erected undoubtedly Mr. Street's idea that the building was to form an important break in the somewhat monotonous skyline of the metropolis which extends from St. Paul's to Westminster would have been carried out. At present the building can scarcely be said to do this, although its towers and central hall group together in a pleasing manner when seen from several of the bridges. Another feature which has been omitted is the elegant gallery crossing the Strand, and connecting the Law Courts with the Temple. The smaller block of buildings to the west has also been omitted, and the great stone spire of the hall has been exchanged for a metal *fleche*. How far the architect himself concurred in the last change, we are unable to say, and, perhaps, this alteration is rather an improvement than otherwise.

The grouping together of the various portions of the building is well seen from this point of view; though, as we have previously pointed out, there is no place from which the whole edifice or series of edifices can be seen at once. In the centre of the building is the principal entrance, which leads to the great hall through a magnificent vaulted porch. The arch opening into this porch is a modified copy of the entrance to the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. The columns supporting this arch, however, are highly original in treatment; they are composed of granite, but are fluted and reeded. The vaulting ribs are adorned by a number of very delicately treated bosses which interrupt the mouldings.

A fine double doorway opens into the great or central hall—a noble apartment, 230 feet long, 80 feet high, and rather more than 40 feet wide. The whole is covered by vaulting in stone, and is lit by a series of lofty windows on either side, below which are blank spaces left for future decoration; and beneath these again are arcades, supported upon marble columns, which rest upon a basement-seat. The back of this most charmingly designed arcade is formed by alternate courses of Hopton Wood stone and Pera marble, slightly polished. The ends of this fine hall are occupied by windows with galleries beneath them, below which are double doorways; and on either side between the wall arcades are double doorways, forming the entrances for jury and witnesses to the courts. These doorways and the staircases to which they give access are the finest pieces of design in the whole building, and some excellent examples of modern Gothic carving. They not only show the great skill of the architect, but also do very great credit to Mr. Margetson, who with his assistants executed all the stone carving for the Law Courts. The floor of this hall is divided into large squares, the centre of each of which is occupied by a circular composition in Mosaic, and the remaining space filled in by patterns worked in various coloured marbles. The windows are adorned by shields of celebrated legal luminaries, executed in stained glass.

Our illustration represents the Strand Front, with the Great Hall, Principal Entrance, and the Clock Tower in the distance.

This hall is interesting from the fact that it is the second largest apartment in this country, and is, with one exception, that of the "Hall of Wladislaws," in the Imperial Palace at Prague, the largest hall in Europe, covered by a Gothic cross vault of stone. Its length is exactly the same as that of the largest parish church in the metropolis—St. Saviour's, Southwark—230 feet; and it is only ten feet less in length than the Great Hall at Padua, which is the largest apartment in the world unsupported by columns. The Hall at Padua is, however, nearly double as wide as that of the Law Courts.

We shall return to this subject next week, when we hope to publish further illustrations. H. W. BREWER



WITH the recollection of "For Percival" upon us, it need hardly be said that in "Damocles" (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.). Margaret Veley has written an able and thoughtful novel. It is most unlikely that she would ever write otherwise than with thoughtful ability. But her future work will be little satisfactory unless she pays more attention to the art of charming. In this she is at present certainly deficient, apparently from over-much faith in the readiness of readers' sympathies—things that have become, by now, a little callous and blunted. The character of Rachel is drawn with much tenderness, and the shadow over her life has something of that idea of destiny which is the essence of all true tragedy. But its nature is hazily suggested instead of being brought out with true dramatic force, nor is it of a kind to be adequately effective without an exceptional kind of power which is the very reverse of Miss Veley's. The sword of Damocles suspended over the head of Rachel is nothing less than hereditary insanity. To represent a heroine under such a doom required much courage, as the subject could only be rightly treated by means of an intimate acquaintance with some of the inmost secrets of psychology. The conception—as it should appear in fiction—belongs to the terrible. Miss Veley has treated it as if it belonged merely to the sentimental. A mere love story, founded on such a motive, is a waste of power, nor can all the quiet grace with which the story is told make the reader feel otherwise. Altogether, the novel is much too minute and a great deal too long, and is written

with a monotony which in itself is opposed to a sustained interest. Apart from Rachel's fear of lunacy, the plot is decidedly commonplace, and offers few salient points for notice. At the same time "Damocles" goes far to confirm our previous belief that its authoress may always count upon doing good work so long as she keeps strictly within the limits of her quiet power, and does not forget that her first duty is to interest, not herself, but her readers.

Mr. Thomas Hardy has called his "Two on a Tower" (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.) a Romance. Without that explanation, we were half inclined to suspect it of being an intentional burlesque. With it, it is difficult to understand how a rational and experienced writer of fiction could have seriously perpetrated anything so inexpressibly absurd. A married woman, Lady Constantine, falls in love with Swithin Saint Cleve, a young astronomer who watches the stars on the top of a tower, she being very considerably the elder of the two. Their love passages combine science and sentiment in a very singular and rather unpleasant manner, till the lady's husband dies, and the two lovers marry, though for no intelligible reason, secretly. But, after refusing an offer from a Bishop, who had come down to confirm the hitherto neglected astronomer, Viviette—formerly Lady Constantine—discovers that her husband had not died at the right time, so that she had unwittingly committed bigamy. The situation is exceedingly awkward, for she also discovers that Swithin had forfeited a fortune by marrying before the age of five-and-twenty. So, instead of permitting him to remarry her, she sacrifices herself by persuading him to join an expedition to observe the transit of Venus—an alternative to which he takes very kindly. Unhappily, he has scarcely left England when Viviette finds herself about to become a mother. To cover her shame, she marries the unoffending Bishop. But the Bishop also dies; and Swithin comes home. The concluding words of the story are too exquisitely absurd to be omitted. "He looked for help. Nobody appeared in sight but Tabitha Lark, who was skirting the field with a bounding tread. It was no longer a mere surmise that help was vain. Sudden joy after despair had touched an over-strained heart too smartly. Viviette was dead. The Bishop was avenged." The final touch of burlesque, though obviously intended for tragedy, is perfect in its way. Mr. Hardy has a reputation for the manner in which he reproduces rustic conversation. He maintains it, in the present case, by making all his rustics wits and philosophers, and talk out of a provincial vocabulary—things which real rustics, anywhere, are the last to be or to do. The general tone of the story is excessively and morbidly disagreeable.

If a knowledge of Egyptian life be advantageous to an understanding of the Egyptian question, those who are interested therein cannot do better than read "The Fellah," by Edmond About, translated by Sir Randal Roberts (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus). This is a timely reprint of a book which was very popular when it first appeared, some dozen years ago. M. About requires very few materials, if indeed he requires any, to be brilliant and interesting, and his Egyptian descriptions and dissertations are much better than most stories. They imply a vision of possible prosperity in the future, and of the means to bring it about, which is perhaps rather strongly rose-coloured, but their chief value is in the picture they afford to the past and present condition of the country, political and social. The account applies to the time of Ismail, but may probably be taken as emphasised by the lapse of time. Perhaps the romantic element, running through the serious portion, may be subtly intended to signify a possible union between Europe and the Egypt of the future, as represented by the Fellah Ahmed-ebn-Ibrahim. If so, we may take it as an especial compliment that the Fellah reformer's inspiration is an English girl. Indeed M. About has written apparently even more for English than for French readers. There is a little of the *voilà le chameau* style about his generalisations and conclusions, but his descriptions of life bear every stamp of fidelity.

AN ITALIAN *Notes and Queries* is to be brought out at Padua—the *Giornale degli Eruditi e dei Curiosi*.

WORN-OUT PIANOS are bought up largely in Berlin, where they are converted into hand organs, and exported to Russia and various parts of Eastern Europe to amuse the peasantry.

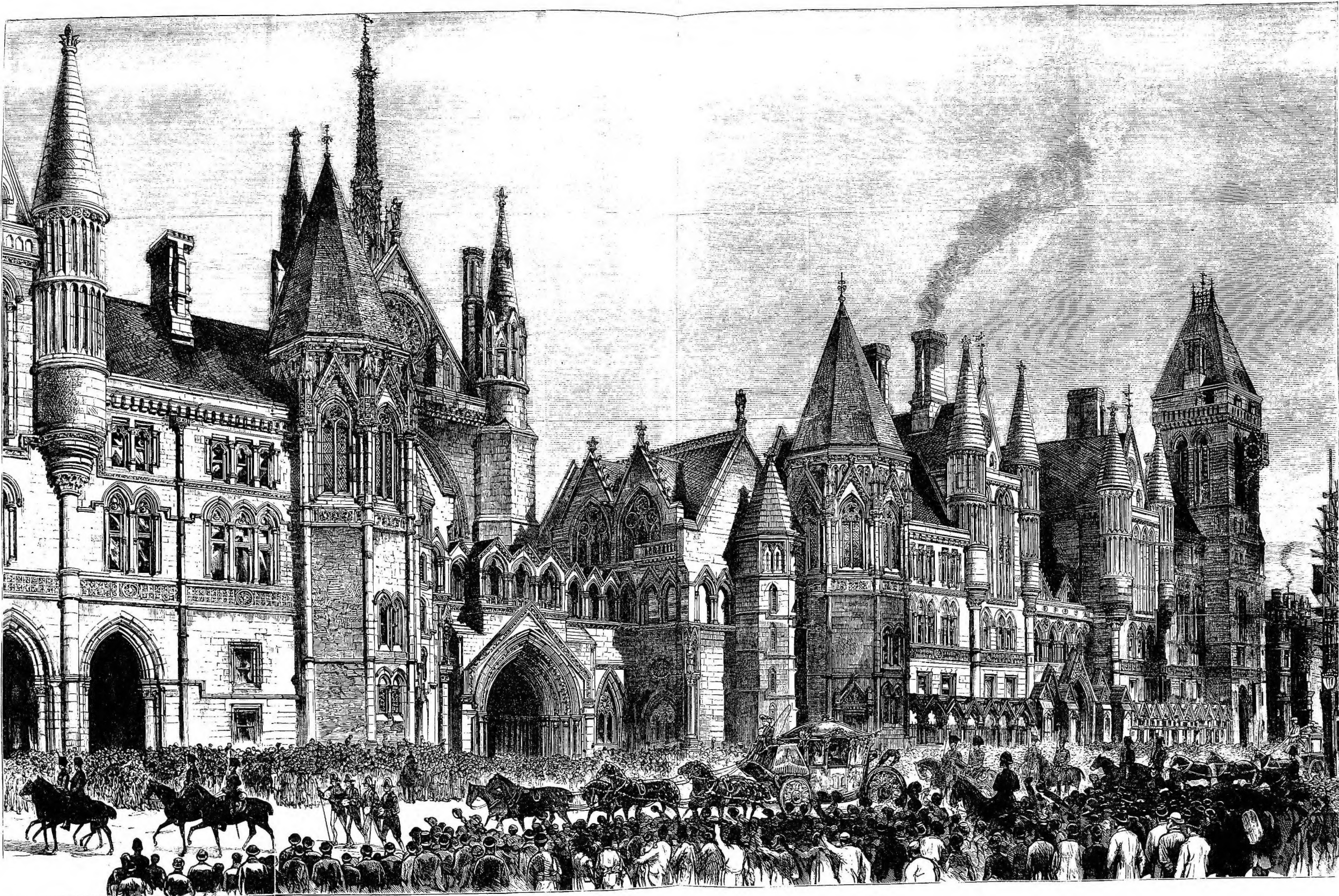
ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO LANGUAGES are spoken within the limits of our Indian Empire, according to the late census.

RESPECT FOR ANTIQUITY is certainly not very prevalent in France just now, for another old historical castle, the Château of the Comtes de Guerchy, near Auxerre, has been sold for the price of its materials—280*l.*—and will be pulled down. The family of De Guerchy particularly distinguished themselves by fighting against the English, and one was sent by Louis XV. as Ambassador to London; while the last representative became an architect, and drew some of the plans for building the Paris Gymnase and Opera Comique. The old Castle is well preserved, and contains some admirable specimens of decorative art, particularly the painted ceilings.

FOUR NEW FORMS OF BLIND CRUSTACEA have been found in New Zealand in a well 25 feet deep, not far from Kaiapoi, North Canterbury. Three are species of *Amphipoda*, and one of *Isopoda*, while not one bears the least trace of eyes. They were obtained through a common suction pump. Another New Zealand naturalistic curiosity is a colossal cuttle-fish lately stranded at Cook's Strait—a veritable rival to M. Hugo's famous *pieuvre*. This monster's body was 7*ft.* 6 in. long, the greatest circumference being 9*ft.* 2 in., and its head was 4*ft.* 3 in. in diameter, while the longest arms measured 25*ft.*, and had a row of fifteen suckers along each side, and a middle row of nineteen. The smaller arms were nearly 12*ft.* long.

A NEW EDIBLE FISH has been discovered, at least so says the *New York Herald*. It was found at a depth of 120 fathoms in latitude 40° 2', longitude 71° 2' west. The fish somewhat resembles sea bass, with specific differences, the underside being beautifully mottled with a delicate shade of pink on a cream-coloured ground. The back is of a mottled pink and reddish brown. The fish has thirteen spines in the dorsal fin, and the pectoral fins are unusually large. The specimens taken were from one pound to four pounds in weight. When cooked the flesh is white and delicious. Specimens were brought in ice and in alcohol, and have been sent to Washington for identification and a name.

POSTAL IMPROVEMENTS.—A correspondent writes thus:—"I notice in a recent issue a wish that the postal service in London suburbs could be improved. I know little about the London service, which I thought was a model for the world; but in the provinces, especially in small towns and villages, there is abundance of room for improvement. It is, however, a question of money. Let a fixed rate per head of net postal revenue be paid into the Exchequer, and the surplus be applied to improve the service. Before penny postage the rate was a halipenny per head, last year 1*s.* 7*d.* As to telegraphs, let there be an increase of capital to provide for underground wires, for increased work consequent on reduced rates, and for extensions to country places, from whence lots of messages will be sent at sixpence where a shilling rate is prohibitive. The French Director of Posts and Telegraphs has obtained a grant of 2,000,000*fr.* for underground wires, but whether in the form of a loan or directly our English papers do not say. There is not much hope of a direct vote in the present state of the national revenue, when the Treasury dare not face the imaginary loss of 200,000*fr.* for a year or two, which is the estimated result of cheaper telegrams."



THE NEW ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE
A SKETCH TAKEN ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY

SOME LITERARY NOTES ON BRIGHTON

A GOOD many literary notes might be made on Brighton, unless one rigidly limited their scope. Brighton is a fashionable suburb of London, but it is not "the literary suburb" as Twickenham might claim to be in the last century, or South Kensington in our own. It has no such literary reputation as Edinburgh or Lakeland. But there is hardly statesman or politician, poet, novelist, or artist that has not "run down" to Brighton. We invariably meet with touches of Brighton in fiction and biography. A friend of Tom Moore's writes to him to say that he has gone to Brighton for the sake of economy, and owns that it is a signal failure. Greville talks of it in his memoir in his somewhat cynical fashion:—"Place very full, bustling, gay, amusing. Plenty of occupation in visiting, gossiping, dawdling, riding, and driving; a very idle life and impossible to do anything." The Wilberforces come down. Lord Byron pays the expenses of a pugilist to come and visit him. Sir Walter Scott comes down; so do Rogers, Tom Moore, Lord John Russell, and the list might be multiplied out of the memoirs. Brighton has its distinctive place in national history, especially in relation to the personal history of royalty, as exemplified by Charles the Second and the Fourth George. Our notes must be limited to some interesting local references made by some distinguished authors to the watering place, which among various competing places perhaps best deserves the title of being Queen of them all.

It is curious to know that Samuel Rogers, when a boy, dined in a house, the site of the present Pavilion, which he characterised as a respectable farmhouse. In the literature of last century we have some notices. John Wilkes came here, and the people would willingly have given him a public welcome. He affected privacy, however, but they set the church bells ringing, and the people gave him many marks of enthusiastic approbation. Dr. Johnson came to Brighton to visit the Thrales. He did not take very kindly to the place. He thought the Thrales' house was at the "world's end." He wrote to his friend Dr. Taylor: "I have no great heart to go into the sea, and have yet been there but three times." He spoke of the country as "so truly desolate, that if one had a mind to hang oneself for desperation at being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten a rope." Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arbly) has an interesting notice, written just a hundred years ago (1782): "Mrs. and the three Miss Thrales and myself all arose at six o'clock in the morning, and by the pale blink of the moon we went to the seaside, where we had bespoke the bathing-woman to be ready for us, and into the ocean we plunged. It was cold, but pleasant. I have bathed so often as to lose my dread of the operation, which now gives me nothing but animation and vigour. We then returned home and dressed by candlelight, and as soon as we could get Dr. Johnson ready, we set out upon our journey in a coach and chair, and arrived in Argyle Street at dinner-time." These are the *loci classici* about Brighton in the literature of the last century. There is no such courage now shown in bathing in the sea by moonlight.

It may be said that Brighton is indebted to literature for a large portion of its prosperity. Two medical men, Dr. Russell and Dr. Pelham, wrote up the use of sea-bathing and its singular efficacy in some complaints. Indeed, Dr. Russell, in a greater degree than the Prince Regent, was the founder of the fortunes of Brighton. Among the crowds of visitants many literary men might be enumerated, who have run down here for the invigorating sea-breezes, some of whom have made careful studies of the place. Thomas Campbell, that true lyric poet, was invited to give a course of lectures here, but, at that time, he had given up lecturing. He seems frequently to have come down to Brighton. With him a great specific for health was "a short run to the coast." His medical biographer says: "Those short runs into the country or the sea-coast seldom failed to produce relief, both mental and physical. Instead of medicine I endeavoured to enforce the necessity of regimen—with a literary task, something in which his taste and feelings were enlisted—or a short run to the coast. This method, adopted at intervals, was often attended with the happiest results." Thackeray knew Brighton well, and made a very careful study of it. This is easily recognised by every reader of "The Newcomes." On one occasion Mr. Thackeray applied in person at the Town Hall to engage the Royal Pavilion Banqueting Room for the purpose of his lectures. One of the magistrates wittily remarked, alluding to the virulence of the lecture on George the Fourth, that it was not exactly good taste to abuse a man in his own house. Consequently Mr. Thackeray delivered his lectures elsewhere. We need hardly say that Charles Dickens very often ran down to Brighton. We constantly seem to see Dr. Blimber and his "little friends on the Promenade." Dickens especially delighted in a Brighton audience when giving any of his readings. "I may tell you that in round numbers we find one thousand stalls already taken here in Brighton. Last night I had a most charming audience for 'Copperfield' with a delicacy of perception that really made the work delightful." He turned to good account one of those constant railway journeys to Brighton which we are all making. "Coming down in the railroad the other night (always a wonderfully suggestive place to me when I am alone) I was looking at the stars and revolving a little idea about them." This was his "Dream of a Star," which, curiously enough, he never included in his printed pieces. In his usual grotesque way he describes a Brighton storm: "It blew a perfect hurricane, breaking windows, knocking down shutters, carrying people off their legs, blowing the fires out, and causing universal consternation. The air was for some hours darkened with a shower of black hats (second-hand), which are supposed to have blown off the heads of unwary passengers in remote parts of the town, and to have been industriously picked up by the fishermen."

Some further literary notes might be combined. White, of Selborne, has an allusion to the birds, and Yarrell to the fishes that are caught in the neighbourhood. In Lord Campbell's "Life of Lord Thurlow," in his "Chancellors," there is an account of Thurlow at Brighton. Thurlow told the Regent that he should not call at the Pavilion until he kept better company. That good writer and good man, Vicesimus Knox, came down to preach in the camp at Brighton. He gave great offence to some of his military audience, because he protested against the love of war. "In the evening," he writes, "I propose walking on the Steyne, while hoping to meet my offended hearers in the military profession, but I did not recognise any of those who were in the church." Sidney Smith ran down, and cut his witticisms on the Dome. One of the best bits of description of Brighton is to be found in the "Journals" of Fanny Kemble, where, as usual, an earnest tone is apparent in her jest:—"There were crowds of gay people parading up and down, looking as busy about nothing, and as full of themselves, as if the great awful sea had not been cbs behind them—the contrast of all that fashionable frivolity with the grandeur of all natural objects seemed to me incongruous and discordant. We walked on and on till we had nothing but the broad open Downs to contrast with the broad open sea, and I was completely happy. I walked and ran along the edge of the cliffs, gazing and pondering, and enjoying the solemn sound and the brilliant sight. . . . The sunshine was dazzling, and its light on the detached masses of milky chalk made them appear semi-transparent, like fragments of alabaster or cornelian."

The great literary memory on which Brighton may chiefly pride itself is unquestionably that of the late Frederick William Robertson. His sculptured tomb in the cemetery, the two houses in which he lived, the church where he officiated, his bust in the Pavilion, the localities which he mentioned—are all dear to a still numerous,

though diminishing, number of Brightonians. Mr. Robertson could hardly be called literary in any strict sense. He greatly excelled, indeed, in that very difficult province of literature, letter-writing. There is reason to believe that he contemplated the publication of a portion of his correspondence, and it is well-known that a considerable number of his unpublished letters are extant. The literary merits of Robertson mainly rest upon his sermons, which have gone through an immense number of editions, both in this country and in America. Yet those who heard these marvellous sermons say that it was in the look, the intonation, the personal spell, that the charm of a great orator resided. Even in the printed sermons themselves there is a curious literary interest for the critics. One has to distinguish carefully between those that were taken in shorthand, those that are simply his notes, and the limited number that were fully prepared by him for publication. A very interesting ecclesiastical biography is that of Henry Venn Elliott, of Brighton, and the poems of Charlotte Elliott, who may be called "the Brighton Hymn Writer," have had an immense circulation wherever the English language is spoken.

F. ARNOLD

A WILD GOOSE CHASE

ANGUS, the gamekeeper, professed to know so much about the wild goose and its habits that one might be excused for suspecting him of taking part in its councils. In this respect Angus is no exception to the gamekeeper race, which is well known to be characterised by self-importance, pretentiousness, and wild stories of its own prowess that no sensible person must contradict; for, if so, it will be soon found that unblushing assertion is the gamekeeper's forte, from which one of his race was never known to be driven. There is endless amusement in what he has done at various periods of his wonderful career, if chilling criticism does not interfere with the current of his curious communications. He has killed salmon by the score in the stream where the fish would never condescend to give you a nibble. He has done many wonderful things, indeed. After being told of the hawk that perched on the back of a stag-royal, and there met its death from the bullet which killed it and the deer, at a distance of seven hundred yards, you perhaps ask if he has killed anything under really remarkable circumstances. As the reply to such a question requires consideration, it might stagger some keepers; but our friend Angus would be equal to the occasion, there is no doubt. He would simply scratch his head, look down at those capacious calves which are wrongly supposed to be fatal to imagination; and then, with an air of serious conviction that made it more than probable he believed his own story, would say something like this: "Weel, you see, sir, it was on a misty day. I was walking by the river side with the gun on my shoulder, when I saw a bundle of struggling. I could not make out what it was—I could only see it struggling; but I fired, and what do you think was there? A weasel had a hold of a rabbit, a hawk had a hold of the weasel, and an eagle had a hold of the hawk, and I killed them—every one."

If you attempted to throw discredit on this feat of Angus's by saying you have heard of one much more wonderful, he would politely request you to wait till he had finished. There was an otter found dead, a few feet further on, which had been killed by the same shot, in the act of running away with a salmon. If you still maintained there was a much greater feat on record, Angus would regret that his own experience of the world taught him to give very little credence to such wonderful accounts. You might be imposed upon, as you undoubtedly were, if you believed there were greater things done in that line than he had himself accomplished; but for him, he knew too much about such matters to be easily deceived.

While out on the wild-geese chase, we met with another keeper who told us a story that might pass for one of Angus's own, and yet there is the strongest reason for supposing the man spoke the truth. In the first place he was an Elder of a Church; but that of itself is not a sufficient reason for believing a gamekeeper. To me there was a much stronger proof of the truthfulness of his story in the fact that he took no credit to himself. When one of his kind relates anything remarkable, which has been done by another, in the way of shooting, he may be readily believed, if he himself, his master, or his master's ground plays no particular part in the tale. In the present case none of these powerful factors took a prominent place. When a lad he sometimes went out with a noted poacher to carry the game. On one of these excursions in quest of deer they were detected by a keeper, who followed them for some distance, probably afraid to come to close quarters; but always keeping them in view, as if determined to find out what they were. His company became so unpleasant that the poacher thought he might as well give him a gentle hint on the subject of retiring, and his method of doing so would seem to put him on a level with the slingers who could sling within a hair's breadth, and not miss. He took his gun up, and deliberately aimed at the white hat which the man wore, and sent his bullet through it. He could do this any number of times without running the slightest risk of killing the man, the Elder averred; but the obnoxious owner of the white hat must have been a sensible man, as he gracefully retired upon receiving the first proof of his skill.

It was a beautiful afternoon when Angus and I set off with a gun apiece, and as much wire and No. 1 shot as would kill the whole of the forty-eight wild geese which had been seen that morning flying towards a favourite retreat of theirs, a loch with a swampy border, distant between eight and nine miles across the moor. For some way we followed the stream, which Angus dignifies by calling the river. River or stream, it certainly has the merit of having through ages dug out a glen that is beautiful, and considered beautiful, even in the Highlands. In it the geologist has found records of wonders belonging to pre-historic times, greater than any that Angus can discover or invent in its modern history, although some of these are wonderful enough. I was shown the identical spot where he had shot six deer in less than the same number of minutes. Pointing to a clump of trees by the waterside, he said, "I had a boy with me. I sent him in among the trees to drive the deer out, one by one, and I just took six out of them before I halted." Not bad work, Angus! But one would rather admire your glen quietly if you don't mind.

At our starting-point by the sea, the wide, deep valley was treeless except for a few patches of planting, and a few odd trees about the cottages of the fishermen, who mostly compose the inhabitants of the place. Now its sides were completely covered with birch and hazel, and thickets of the wild rose, the predominating colour of all being the reddish-brown of autumn. Picturesque irregularities met the view in the shape of bastion-like bluffs, salients of upheaved strata, crowned with shrubs, decked with ferns and other kinds of vegetation wherever a rent could be found in their white, moss-grown sides. At the back of these would come a quiet, well-sheltered nook, where Angus might indeed be credited with doing wonders in the way of trapping vermin. Further on would be found a deep, V-shaped, clayey ravine, made by the floods, through which a few drops of water came trickling down from the heights above. Then a bosky dell, the very place that one would choose to read his favourite poet on a summer day, for there would be no noise to disturb, no sound except the singing of birds and the murmur of the fast-flowing stream through its stony bed. This is a wilderness as far as human life is concerned, as might easily be seen from the decaying brackens which lay in our path, with their stems erect, although their tops had fallen, showing that they were left to die a natural death, untroubled by man or animal. Here, at every other step, we stumbled into a rabbit-hole, for the bracken-covered strath

makes an excellent warren. When Angus turns out with his ferret to begin the season's killing, he will forward hundreds per week for several weeks to the southern markets from this unfrequented, though delusive, Paradise of theirs.

On an island in the stream we found a heron doing a little quiet fishing on his own account. The rascal was not aware of our approach until we came within easy shot of him, and so he had to suffer the severest penalty for the misdeeds which an examination of his stomach afterwards testified against him. His day's doings were not amiss—thirteen half-sized trout.

Near the top of the glen the stream flowed through between two precipitous rocks of great height, in a channel of only a few yards breadth. The noise of a waterfall could be heard in the distance—a dull, rumbling sound, with something as inexplicably solemn in its tones as the music of an organ. It must be a grand sight to see the water, when much flooded, come rushing down that gorge in an irresistible, sweeping torrent, with a stemmed-up lake above slowly circling, showing its impatience to escape.

After gazing at the waterfall for a short time we were obliged to climb up the side of the valley, as it was impossible to follow the course of the river through the gorge. The scene was now changed. Instead of the high, steep sides of the glen, redolent of the sweet odour of decaying leaves, we were confronted by broad reaches of heather, that sloped gently towards the stream. We had passed the wood, and the view was now open for miles before us, and for a considerable distance on either side. A range of high hills in the distance were cloud-capped—a certain indication that rain was not far distant. The ground was a little slushy after the recent rains; still, even Bawbee, the retriever, felt the exhilarating effect of getting into the open. He danced about in transports of joy, evidently beside himself with the prospects of his walk. The grouse were comparatively tame, as if the late immunity from being shot at had blunted their wary instincts. We could have made a pretty good bag, only the grouse would wait for us, while the movements of the wild geese are uncertain and erratic. On such a calm day the report of our guns would travel for miles, and the proverbial stupid bird is one of the shrewdest imaginable in detecting danger. The cold weather will tame the grouse, so that they will lie better than they have done for several weeks past; but the geese can never be relied on.

Several good chances of knocking a snipe over presented themselves, and very difficult they were to resist; however, self-control was imperative, if one wished to come to close quarters with the geese. As for hares, they were plentiful, although they had not yet changed their blue summer coat to white, their winter colour, in which they are best appreciated. Hundreds are shot in this ground every winter, and still they are numerous. The sportsman regards the hare as a nuisance on account of the dogs, who will point at him while they should be seeking their proper game—grouse. Hare-shooting is no sport. The silly creature makes a target of itself by deliberately raising itself on its hind legs, bolt upright, within easy shot, and there remains casting curious glances over its shoulder as if laying itself out for destruction.

The walk through the heather was singularly enjoyable, primed as we were with great expectations. Late in autumn, as a matter of fact, the moor is more exhilarating than in hot August weather. There was no fatigue felt as we excitedly added mile to mile, bounding over the heather with a sense that the exercise was unspeakably invigorating. By the time we got near the loch night was drawing on in that haste by which it is characterised at this season of the year. The sun was disappearing behind a ben, like a glowing ball of fire, casting the brightest reflections across the top of the hills, from which the mist had been gradually rising and thinning till it eventually disappeared. One quarter of the sky was in a ruddy glow, that seemed to bespeak a fine day for the morrow, whilst on the opposite horizon large masses of white cloud made it probable there would be rain within twenty-four hours.

The loch, which, strangely enough, stood on an eminence between two hills, lay concealed, although we were only a few yards from its margin. Its outlet was a narrow mossy stream, over which one could step in some places, swarming with large black trout. Now the excitement became intense. In a few minutes we should know whether ours was to be a real or only a figurative wild goose chase. It was necessary to ascend the back of one of the hills in order to discover where the geese were, or whether there were any. This had to be done with great caution, for the least noise would have been fatal to our enterprise. Even Bawbee crouched as if his interest in the business was equal to our own. At last we arrived high enough to peep over the hillside—to behold what? A lake of blood dotted with a thousand small islands around its banks. To a sentimentalist it would have been a beautiful—nay, a grand—sight, and one to thrill him with intense emotion; but to us, as sportsmen, the awkward question arose, Where were the geese? They were certainly not on or about the lake, and when the truth occurred to me that they were on the hillside looking for their kin, I could not refrain from bursting forth in a loud laugh. Angus could not see the joke, nor could Bawbee; indeed, he seemed to feel more disappointed than any of us.

For consolation we fell back upon our luncheon, which was partaken on the way down the hill, as night would not allow us to dally with time. We crossed the bottom of the lake, where the shore was sandy, and saw by the marks on the sand that our web-footed friends had been there in great force only a short time previously, leaving footprints behind them which gave us heart again for a future expedition. The marks of an otter or otters were also visible, so Angus decided to bring a trap next time.

Taking a short cut for the drive that led to the top of the moor, we reached it before darkness had fully set in. But already the moon had appeared in the sky, and in half an hour afterwards night was almost as clear as day. Disappointed though we were, the walk home through that solitary wilderness was the grandest conceivable. There was no sound to break the stillness of the night. All was quiet and repose. The shadowy, distant hills and the lone moor gave a weird effect to existence such as no pen can properly describe.

There are tens of thousands shut up in towns to whom our wild goose chase would have been the most treasured experience of their lives.

J. S.

AN INGENIOUS METHOD OF PUTTING HIS SAVINGS BEYOND HIS OWN REACH has been adopted by a German writer, who found from dire experience that all his profits melted away as soon as earned. Having made 16,000*l.* by a fortunate literary speculation, he placed the whole of the money, together with his will, in the Imperial Deposit Bank at Berlin, and on receiving the receipt from the cashier deliberately tore it up. The cashier thought he was mad, and told him angrily that it would take fully three years before he could expect to obtain a duplicate receipt. "That is just why I have torn up the original," calmly remarked the depositor; "and now the money is safe for that time."

EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS IN INDIA are to be systematically observed for the future at certain meteorological stations in Bengal and Northern India. The plan was first proposed five years ago by the British Royal Society, but was not taken up until now, when the Indian Government has voted funds for providing the necessary instruments and buildings. Talking of meteorological phenomena, an observatory has been erected on the top of the Sents—the loftiest peak in the Canton of Appenzell—at an altitude of 7,600 feet. This is the fourth highest observatory in the world, the three others being those on the Stelvio, 7,720 feet; the Pic du Midi, 8,700 feet; and Pike's Peak, Colorado, U.S., 13,100 feet.